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JAMES STEPHENS.

(From a Lithograph by Mary Duncan).

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE.

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OCTOBER, 1923.

No. 3.

Choses Vues.

By STANTON PYPER.

I.

"Moi, j'ai vu cela." (Le centenaire dans "l'Immortel.")

IT was in the late eighties that I first set eyes on Bernard Shaw. It came about in this wise.

I was at that time studying in London, and among my fellow-students were the two sons of "Ballykilbeg" Johnstone, a famous man in his day, and one whom history will not forget. Was it not he who spoke about "kicking the Queen's crown into the Boyne?" He meant it, too, and so did the Orangemen who cheered him, and his words frightened the British Government of that day into withdrawing the Party Processions Act.

But all that happened years before, and the charming old gentleman whom I met in London bore little resemblance to the fire-eater he was once supposed to be.

"Ballykilbeg" was a man of literary tastes, and these tastes were inherited by his children, especially by the two sons, Charles and Lewis. Lewis and I were great friends, and he persuaded me one day to accompany him to the vegetarian restaurant which he usually patronised. In those days such places were few and far between, and their existence was a perpetual struggle. It was lucky for them that the cult of Theosophy became for a time fashionable, and it was as a Theosophist that Lewis renounced the eating of meat. In all this he was largely influenced by his brother Charles, who had become a fanatical convert to the new creed, and finally sealed his profession of faith by marrying the niece of Madame Blavatsky, the high priestess of the Theosophists.

On a cloudy autumnal day, then, we set out on foot for the "Orange Grove" Restaurant, which displayed an unobtrusive sign amid the grimy precincts of Lower St. Martin's Lane.

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How strange the London streets of those days would seem to us now! The slowly-moving traffic, the perpetual pattering of horses' hoofs, the whirling dust and the indescribably fetid odour that arose from the wooden pavements, have all passed away, while the general air of gloom and grime has greatly diminished.

The effects of space and atmosphere are much more noticeable; but, on the other hand, the strange cloud of mystery which seemed to envelop London, especially the older streets, has been dissipated, and with it has gone what was after all the greatest charm that the City of Dreadful Night possessed.

On this particular day the air was thick and murky, and a certain sombreness pervaded all things. We entered the "Orange Grove"—oh, irony of names—and found ourselves in a sort of half light, amid which flitted the pale faces of the anæmic waitresses. Why is it that the waitresses in such places always look anæmic? Is it because they are forced to partake of the viands which they serve? I have gone so far as to question them on this point, but they were always somewhat evasive in their replies.

Lewis and I sat down at a table some way from the door, and I left the choosing of the meal to my friend. In due course something was placed before me which the waitress assured me was a vegetable beefsteak, and I tried to eat it, but without much success. Suddenly raising my eyes, I saw a tallish young man enter and seat himself at a neighbouring table. His appearance arrested my attention. A well-worn soft felt hat crowned a head of unkempt fair hair, and his fresh-complexioned face was hidden behind a straggling beard of the same colour. A blue serge suit, also well worn, and a flannel shirt, with collar to match, completed an *ensemble* which was at that time unusual enough to attract everyone's attention. In those days of the silk hat and morning coat, few men had the moral courage to walk about London dressed like a Nihilist.

As I gazed at the newcomer, and speculated who he might be, I heard an excited whisper behind me: "See that chap just come in?" To which a stolid voice replied: "Wot, 'im with the beard?" "Yes, that *Shaw*." And again the stolid voice: "*Shaw*—'oo's 'e?"

Turning slightly round in my chair, I could see that the excited whisper came from a studious-looking young man with spectacles, who was refreshing himself between bites with a literary weekly. His companion looked just what he no doubt was, a typical young Cockney clerk, drawn to the Orange Grove purely from motives of economy.

So this was Bernard Shaw. I had heard of him before, but chiefly as a musical critic and a clever young Socialist debater. Socialism at that time was not unfashionable. In fact, in the eighties a man could call himself almost anything, provided he remained always perfectly dressed. That was Shaw's unique distinction—he dressed any way he liked. But the average young man of education who elected to call himself a Socialist took great pains to be correctly dressed, and anyone seeing the admirably groomed young men who left their offices in Whitehall on the stroke of

four would never for a moment suspect that some of them were, in theory, Socialists of the most advanced kind.

Those were the days of the Fabian and of the top-hatted Socialist. At that time the reality seemed so far away, and so utterly unattainable, that society listened with a benevolent smile to all the abuse hurled at it by the youthful reformers.

It would be doing Shaw an injustice to rank him with the sleek young theorists who aired their views in West End drawingrooms, but I felt then, and I still feel, that, when all is said and done, G.B.S. has always been, and always will be, what the Russian Communists in their brutal way call a "Bourgeois Socialist." In Moscow he would certainly find himself in very deep water, far, far out of his depth.

The next time I saw Shaw was at a meeting held at the Social Democratic Federation, a queer little half-underground place in Chancery Lane, hard by the Positivist Church, where I once heard Frederic Harrison discourse, not without a certain unction, on the dogmas of his dreary faith.

After stumbling in the dark down some steps—it was a winter's evening—we fell into a small oblong hall, at the far end of which we could perceive a modest bar, at which the citizens and citizenesses were refreshing themselves with mild ale and beer. I liked this human touch, reminiscent of the great days of the Revolution. There was a certain geniality amongst the audience, but G.B.S., who had probably dined off a couple of apples, was the same as ever, clever, witty, but quite inhuman.

You remember Hugo's famous pen-picture of those three extraordinary men, Danton, Marat, Robespierre? "In front of Danton was a bottle of wine, in front of Marat was a cup of coffee, in front of Robespierre were some papers."

Shaw and Robespierre—*le meme type*.

On this occasion my guide, philosopher, and friend was a Mr. Faucus, an ardent Individualist—in those days people went about Individualist and unashamed.

If I remember aright he essayed to combat the arguments of G.B.S. Vain hope! Shaw in those days as a debater was at his best: keen, witty, and with the impersonal detachment of a calculating machine.

He had it all his own way in the argument, although I doubt if he carried all his audience with him. Bradlaugh was still alive and his influence, strongly Individualist, was a powerful one among the English working classes.

I remember hearing Bradlaugh speak in the House of Commons. He was a man who commanded respect, and as he stood there, huge, burly, frock-coated, with massive clean-shaven, bulldog face, his words were heard with close attention, and he was never interrupted. He was not an orator, but his legal training had made him an acute dialectician, and none could doubt the absolute sincerity of his utterances. Even the way in which he dropped his h's—at that time a rare thing in the English House of Commons—did not raise a smile.

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To return to G.B.S., as we left the meeting, and groped our way to the upper world, I could not help noticing my friend's crestfallen air. "Shaw is far too brilliant; we have no one on our side who can touch him." In which he was quite right.

Before I quit G.B.S., and I shall not return to him again, I cannot help comparing him with my Greek teacher at the Dublin school to which I have always regretted I was sent as a boy. Like G.B.S., X was tall and slim, with fair hair and fair beard. He was clever and witty, but utterly unsympathetic. Personally I loathed him, partly, in fact, I think chiefly, for his outspoken contempt for the Gaelic language and everything Gaelic. He had found out that I was an ardent student of the language, and his scorn for me knew no bounds. On one occasion he delivered himself of the following apophthegm: "If you don't know Greek and German thoroughly you can never call yourself educated. To study Erse or Irish or Gaelic, or whatever you call it, is not only a waste of time, it is worse than that, it will ruin whatever culture you may already possess."

Poor man! he eventually became a Fellow of T.C.D., a fitting end for such a mind as his.

The insistence on a knowledge of German may seem curious at the present time, but when X and Shaw were growing up the tradition of German intellectual supremacy had become an article of faith. The unremitting exertions of the Max Müllers and their Oxford and Cambridge sycophants had been crowned with complete success. To resemble as nearly as possible a German professor was the secret ambition of every College Don, and many of them succeeded in their ambition only too well.

When trying to fathom G.B.S.'s intellectual attitude, let us not overlook this fact, that he did not escape the Teutonising influences of his youth. To me there has always been about him something of the German student *manqué*.

His enthusiasm for Nietzsche, that unfortunate Slav who became insane, probably through having to express himself all his life long in German, and who, in spite of all his protests, has been pushed forward as a spokesman of *Realpolitik*, is really due to the intellectual environment in which he grew up.

Is Shaw responsible for introducing that hideous word "Superman" into the English language? If he is, no punishment is bad enough for him. "Uebermensch" is a good word, so is "surhomme," but "superman" is an atrocity, and whoever coined it was guilty of a crime.

Nietzsche having gone out of fashion, one can now discuss him without being forced to listen to the discordant yells and acrimonious abuse of infuriated people arguing about a philosopher whose works they have in all probability never read. The Chinese are now the fashion, and the enigmatic utterances of Lao-tse (The Old Philosopher), whose writings have been given up centuries ago by the ablest native Chinese scholars as too hopelessly obscure to even attempt to explain, are now gravely quoted by men happily ignorant of the fact that six or seven entirely

different versions of the same cryptic characters have been confidently propounded by as many sinologues.

One last word about G.B.S. I do not think that a hundred years from now he will be read with one-tenth of the interest and delight with which we still read his eighteenth century prototype, Sterne, also, by birth, an Irishman.

While on the subject of Individualism I must not forget to mention a visit I paid to Auberon Herbert, who published a weekly called the *Individualist*, and who had built for himself a house entirely of wood in the heart of the New Forest—"La Nouvelle Forest" of unfortunate William Rufus, whose melancholy shade seemed to me to still haunt the scene of his untimely taking-off.

Auberon Herbert himself was a delightful man, refined and unobtrusive, whose life had, alas, become a burden to him through a shattered nervous system. Sleep he obtained only by the use of drugs. Can one think of a more horrible state of things? That he preserved his serenity and courteousness in spite of everything gives the measure of his character.

But in spite of all his culture and ability his paper was a failure. Theoretic Individualism was a hopeless cause, and not even a Bradlaugh could stem the tide which had already set in with irresistible force. *Quo tendimus*? I confess I do not know, but that our present social system is in a state of transition has been evident for years. I still feel confident that some solution will be found, and I feel assured that the European, having escaped the Scylla of cut-throat Individualism, will somehow steer clear of the Charybdis of a herded subservient Socialism.

It was about this time that I made my first plunge into journalism as co-editor of the *Whirlwind*, a small weekly paper that had a short but brilliant career.

Its motto I can remember still, *Chi sputa contra il vento sputa contra se stesso* ("He who spits against the wind spits against himself"), an old and very sensible Italian proverb. And certainly those who spat against the *Whirlwind* did so at their peril, for it was a journal that spared no one and had no respect whatever for persons. Its founders and editors were two very young men, Herbert Vivian and Stuart Erskine, but of the twain Herbert Vivian was the genius who rode the storm; Stuart Erskine was the brilliant second. The paper itself interested me from the start, but what really made me determined if possible to join it was the fact that Whistler was associated with it. To meet Whistler and know him was one of my greatest ambitions. I had just come into a little money, and two courses were open to me. The founders of a company, which has since become world-famous, besought me to invest in their infant undertaking. If I had done so I should have been long ago a very wealthy man. On the other hand, there was the chance of meeting Whistler. I chose the second alternative, and though, of course, I lost my money and became a wanderer on the face of the earth, still I feel I did not lose by the exchange.

I set off then for London and joined the *Whirlwind*, which during its brief existence contrived to raise more enemies and excite more abuse than any publication that has ever appeared in England. And this was by no means unnatural, for what on earth were people to say to a paper which boldly declared that the British Royal Family, the sacrosanct House of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, was not Royal at all, but merely the upstart posterity of a petty German Elector, foisted on the Thrones of England, Scotland and Ireland by a dastardly act of treason, who now lolled at ease among their ill-gotten gains, while the true and legitimate rulers of the Three Kingdoms languished unhappily in exile? To say this once was bad enough, to repeat it week after week roused all that was respectable and law-abiding in England to a perfect frenzy. Why was such a paper allowed to exist? it was asked. Was there no Government to put it down? But the Government, for some reason or other, shut its eyes. Our printer, however, resigned. We found he did printing for the Usurpers and feared to compromise himself. Another printer with no Court attachments took his place, and the paper, after a brief delay, came out again.

But the legitimacy of the *Whirlwind* was only one of the many stumbling-blocks it raised. Its path was strewn with shattered idols, idols dear to every right-thinking Englishman. There was no figure, however venerated, in Art, Literature, or Politics, that it did not rudely buffet. Inspired by the caustic genius of Whistler, its roaring blasts laid low the straw-stuffed dummies of Academy Art, and scared their worshippers into incoherent gibberings.

The *Whirlwind* was in every way a good influence, for the cobwebby mustiness of much that passed for thought in England had become so nauseating that only a hurricane could blow it away and purify the intellectual atmosphere.

In one respect it differed, and most markedly, from some of the publications which followed it in the nineties. It was a virile paper, and how could it be otherwise when a man like Whistler associated himself with it? It had nothing of the *Bas-Empire* influence. Not a trace.

Whistler heartily detested that so-called *Æsthetic Movement*, which, originating in an honest desire to bring the highest ideals of ancient Hellas back into English life, ended, at the best in mere prettiness, at the worst in sheer perversity. The *Æsthetic Movement* failed because it never had a soul. The young Greek gods and goddesses of the early eighties, however good to look upon, breathed forth no quickening influence. They became mere tailors' dummies. As a matter of fact, nothing is so intolerably wearisome as a constant pre-occupation with mere physical perfection of form. The young Greek gods became too bored with themselves even to pose, and their rococo Hellenism became as obviously unreal as stage properties seen by daylight.

(*À Suivre.*)



Illustration for a Ballad. By W. M. Geddes.

Two Hawaiian Romances.

Translated by Padraic Colum.

I.—THE ARROW AND THE SWING.

HIKU lived on a peak of the mountain and Kawelu lived in the lowlands. Kawelu was a princess, but at the time she was in the lowlands she was living alone except for her women attendants. Hiku was a boy ; he had a bow, and with the bow he had a wonderful arrow that was named Pua-ne.

One day Hiku took his bow and his arrow and went down towards the lowlands. On his way he met boys who were shooting, and he offered to shoot against them. He shot his arrow ; it went over the head of a bald-headed man and a sightless man ; it went over the head of a lame man and a large-headed man ; it went across the fields of many men, and it fell before the door of the girl Kawelu.

Her women attendants brought it to her. Kawelu took the arrow and hid it. Then Hiku came along. "Have any of you seen my arrow ?" said he to the women attendants. "We have not seen it," said they. "The arrow fell here," said Hiku, "for I watched it fall." "Would you know your arrow from another arrow ?" asked the Princess from her house. "Know it ! Why, my arrow would answer if I called it," said Hiku. "Call it, then," said the Princess. "Pua-ne, Pua-ne," Hiku called. "Here," said Pua-ne, the arrow. "I knew you had hidden my arrow," said Hiku. "Come and find it," said the Princess.

He went into her house to search for the arrow, and the Princess closed the door behind him. He found the arrow, but he held the arrow in his hand and did not leave, for when he looked around he saw so many beautiful things that he forgot what he had come for. He saw beautiful wreaths of flowers and beautiful capes of feathers ; he saw beautiful mats of different colours, and beautiful shells and beautiful pieces of coral. And he saw one thing that was more beautiful than all these. In the middle of her dwelling Kawelu, the Princess, stood, and her beauty was so bright that it seemed as if the Kakuli was blazing up with all its light. Hiku forgot his home on the mountain peak. He looked on the Princess, and he loved her. And she had loved him when she saw him coming towards her house, but she loved him more when she saw him standing within it, his magic arrow in his hand.

He stayed in her house for five days. Every day Kawelu would go into one of the houses outside and eat with her attendants. But neither on the first day nor the second day, neither on the third day nor on the fourth day nor on the fifth day did she offer food to Hiku, nor even tell him where he might go to get food.

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He was hungry on the second day, and he became hungrier and hungrier. He was angry on the third day, and he became angrier and angrier. Then on the fifth day, when Kawelu was eating with her attendants in a house outside, Hiku took his bow and arrow and went angrily out of the house. He went towards the mountain. Then Kawelu, coming out of the house where her attendants were, saw him going. She ran up the side of the mountain after him. But he went angrily on, and never looked backward towards the Princess, nor towards the lowlands that she lived in.

She went swiftly after him, calling to him as the plover calls, for she deeply loved him, and she looked on him as her husband. But he, knowing that she was gaining on him, made an incantation to hold her back. He called upon the maile vines and the ie vines; he called upon the ohia trees and the other branching trees to close up the path against her. But still Kawelu went on; she went struggling against the tangle that grew across her path. Her garments were torn, and her body became covered with scratches. Still she struggled against the vines and the branching trees. And now Hiku was going further and further from her, and she sang to him so that he could not help but hear :—

My flowers are fallen from me,
And Hiku goes on and on.
My flowers,
If he would only fling back to me,
The flowers that we twined for a wreath !
But Hiku goes on and on.

He did not throw back a flower, nor did he speak a word to her. And now she was not able to get through the vines and the branches. They held her. And then she raised up her voice and sang to him again :—

Kawelu will live there below—
Do you hear, my companion, my friend ?
My flowers are lost to me now ;
Henceforth, far down I will live.

Hiku heard what she sang. But he did not look back nor make any answer. He kept on his way up the mountain, and Kawelu was left behind entangled in the vines and the branches. When she drew herself out of them he was lost to her sight.

He went to the peak of the mountain and he entered his parents' house. And still he was angry. But after a night his anger went from him. And then he began to think with love of the Princess Kawelu. More and more her image came before him, and he thought more and more upon the twilight of Konia. A longing to see her came into his heart :—

Kawelu will live there below—
Do you hear, my companion, my friend ?
My flowers are lost to me now ;
Henceforth, far down I will live.

But no matter how far down she lived, he would go visit her, Kiku thought. He did not know that when she sang, she was thinking of a place where her spirit would go.

Strangers came into Hiku's parents' house one day. "Who are they, and what have they come for?" Hiku asked, when he came in from shooting with his bow and arrow. "Kawelu, the young Princess of Kona, is dead," his parents told him. "These people have come for timbers to build a house around her dead body."

When Hiku heard this he wept. Then he slept, and in his dream he saw Kawelu, and it was shown to him where she was. She had gone down to the world that Milu rules over—the world that is below the ocean.

Then Hiku went to a wizard and he asked him how he might come to Kawelu. And the wizard, for the sake of the arrow that Hiku gave him, told him how he might come to her. He told him, too, of a plan by which he might be able to bring Kawelu's spirit back to the world of the living.

He was to take the morning-glory vines, and he was to make out of them the longest ropes that ever were made. And to each of the long ropes he was to fix the cross-piece of a swing, and then he was to let the swings down into the ocean's depths and lower himself by one of them. And what he was to do after that was told to him very secretly by the wizard.

He went where the morning-glory vines grew; he got the strongest of the vines, and, with the friends who went with him, made the longest of the ropes. With his friends he went out over the ocean; with them he lowered the two longest ropes that were ever made, the two ropes that had fixed to each of them the cross-piece of a swing. Down by one of the ropes Hiku descended until he came to the place of the spirits, the place below the sea that Milu rules over.

And when he came down to that place he began to swing himself on one of the swings. The spirits saw him, and they all wanted to swing. But Hiku kept the swing to himself, and as he swung, he sang:—

I have a swing, a swing,
And the rest of you children have none;
Who will I take on my swing?
Not one of you there, not one.

The spirit of Kawelu stood beside Milu. But the spirit of Kawelu did not know that this was Kiku upon the swing.

Milu came over to the swing. He wanted to get on it. Hiku gave Milu his seat. The spirits began to swing him, and Milu was so delighted that he kept the spirits swinging him.

I have a swing, a swing,
And the rest of you children have none;
Who will I take on my swing?
Not one of you there, not one.

Then Hiku went to Kawelu, who was standing alone. "Here is our swing," he said, and he brought her where the second vine-rope was hanging. "Come and swing with me," he said, and he got upon the seat. "You are on the swing," she said, "and there is no place for me." "Sit upon my knees," said Hiku, "and I will cover myself with my mantle."

Kawelu jumped up and she sat upon Hiku's knees. They began to swing backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, while Milu, the King of the Dead, was being swung by the spirits. Then Hiku pulled on the morning-glory vine; this was a signal; his friends did as he had told them to do; they began to pull up the swing. Up, up came Hiku, and up came Kawelu held in Hiku's arms.

But Kawelu shrank and shrank as she came up to the sunlight; she shrank and shrank until she was smaller than a girl, until she was smaller than a child, until she was smaller than a bird, even. They came to the surface of the sea. Hiku, holding her, rowed back in his canoe and came to where Kawelu's body was laid. He brought the spirit to the body, and he held the spirit to the soles of her feet. The spirit went in at the soles of the feet; it passed up; it came to the breast; it came to the throat, and having got there, the spirit stayed in the body. The body was taken up by Hiku and warmed, and after that Kawelu was as she had been before. Then these two, Hiku and Kawelu, took up the thread of their life where they had left it.

II.—THE STORY OF HA-LE-MA-NO AND THE PRINCESS KAMA.

IN Puna lived the Princess Kama, and she was so beautiful that two kings strove to win her—the King of Puna and the King of Hilo. They sent presents to her mother and her father and herself. But Kama never saw either of those kings. She was sent to live in a house that no one was permitted to enter except herself and her brother. "In a while Kama will come to the height of her beauty," her parents said, "and then we will give her to be queen to one of these kings. But until that time comes no one must speak to her." And so, in a house that was forbidden to everyone else, Kama lived with only her young brother for her companion.

Far away, on the Island of Oahu, there lived a youth whose name was Ha-le-ma-no. Every night he had a dream in which he met a beautiful maiden who talked to him, and whose name in his dream he knew. But when he wakened up he could not remember what name she had told him to call her by, nor what words they had said to each other. He remembered only her beautiful form and face, the dress and the wreaths

she wore, and the scent that was in her dress. The youth became so that he could think of nothing else except this maiden, and he wasted away because of this thought that put every other thought aside. Then it came about that he would eat no food, and at last his fasting and his wasting thought brought him near his death.

But Ha-le-ma-no had a sister who had magical powers. Her name was Lae-ni-hi. She was travelling with her other sisters when she saw Ha-le-ma-no's image in the sky, and she knew by that sign that her brother was near his death. Her sisters wept for Ha-le-ma-no when they saw that sign in the sky, but Lae-ni-hi uttered a magic spell, and through that spell Ha-le-ma-no was brought back to life.

Then she went and she visited her brother, and when she was with him she asked what it was that had brought him so near his death.

"It is because of a maiden whom I dream of continually," he told her, "that I was near my death, and that I may come near my death again."

His sister asked him what the maiden was like, and he told her. "She is tall and very beautiful, and she seems to be a Princess. She has a wreath of hala on her head and a lei of lehua-blossoms around her neck. Her dress is of scented tapa and it is dyed red."

"It is in Puna," said his sister, "that the women wear the lehua lei, and have scented tapa for their dresses."

Then she asked, "How do your meetings come about?" "When I fall asleep," said Ha-le-ma-no, "the maiden comes to me. Then she tells me her name. But when I waken up I do not know the name I called her by."

He slept, and his wise sister watched over him. In his sleep he again met the beautiful maiden. She heard him speak the dream-woman's name. It was Kama. Soon afterwards Ha-le-ma-no wakened from his sleep.

"She is Kama, and of her I have heard much," said his sister. "She is very beautiful. But no one is permitted to come into the house where she lives. And in a while, when she has reached the height of her beauty, she will be given in marriage to the King of Puna or the King of Hilo."

"Unless I can take her out of that forbidden house and away from these two kings," said Ha-le-ma-no, "I shall surely die."

Then his sister promised him that she would strive to find some way of bringing him and Kama together. He ate his food because she made that promise, and he became well again. Then, that he might be able to follow her travels, she told him of the signs she would show. "If it rains here," she said, "you will know that I have got as far as the Island of Mo-lo-kai. If the lightning flashes you will know that I have reached the Island of Maui. If it thunders I am at Kohala. And if you see red water flowing, that I have reached Puna where your Princess lives."

Ha-le-ma-no's sister started off. Soon it rained ; soon the lightning flashed ; soon thunder was heard ; soon red water flowed. Lae-ni-hi had come to Puna.

When she came there she began to devise ways by which she could come to the Princess in her forbidden house. She caused the wind to blow. It aroused the sea from its repose, and the surf began to roll in on the beach of Kai-mu. That was a place where the people used to go for surf-riding. When they saw the surf coming in in great rollers they began to shout. They got their surf-boards and prepared to ride in on the rolling surf.

When Kama's brother heard the shouting he came down on the beach. He saw the people riding the surf, and he went back to ask his sister's permission to ride the surf like the others. She came down to the beach with him. And when she saw the surf coming in in such fine rollers she, too, became excited, and she longed to go riding it.

She allowed the first roller to come in until it reached the shore ; she allowed the second roller to come in, then the third. And when that roller reached the shore she plunged in and swam out with her board to the place where the rollers began to curve up. When she reached that place she took the first roller that came along, and, standing on her surf-board, she rode in on it. The people watching shouted in admiration for her, so beautiful was her figure as she stood upon the board that came racing in with the rolling surf.

She rode the surf three times, and she was becoming more and more delighted with the sport, when the wind ceased to blow and the surf went down. Kama was left in shallow water. She looked down and she saw a bright fish in the water. And her brother, who was looking towards her, saw the fish at the same time. He called out to her, " O, my sister, take up and bring to me the bright fish that is in the shallow water."

Now the fish was Lae-ni-hi, who had transformed herself. Kama put her hands under her and took her up. She put the fish into a calabash of water and gave her to her brother for a plaything. He carried the fish with him, and, in that way, Lae-ni-hi came into the house that was forbidden to all except the Princess and her brother.

In the middle of the night she changed back into a woman, and she stood above where the Princess lay. Kama wakened up and saw the strange woman near her. " Where are you from ? " the Princess asked. " I am from near here." " There is no woman who is like you anywhere near. Besides, no one belonging to this place would come into this house, for all know that it is forbidden." " I have come from beyond the sea." " Yes, now you are telling me the truth."

Then Lae-ni-hi asked the Princess if she had ever met a youth in her dream. The Princess would not answer when she asked this. " If you would have me bring one to you, give me a wreath that you have worn

and a dress," said Ha-le-ma-no's sister. Kama gave her a wreath that was withered and one of her scented dresses.

Lae-ni-hi went back to her brother. She showed him the wreath and the dress that the Princess had worn. Upon seeing these things Ha-le-ma-no was sure that his sister had been with the dream-maiden, and he rose up to go at once to where she was.

But his sister would not let him go without her. And before she would go back to Puna she had toys and playthings made—toys and playthings that would take the fancy of Kama's young brother. She had wooden birds made that would float on the waves; she had a toy canoe made and painted red; in it there were men in red to paddle it; she had other figures made that could stand upright; then she fixed up a coloured and high-flying kite.

With the toys and playthings in their canoe, Ha-le-ma-no and Lae-ni-hi started off for Puna. And when they drew near the shore Ha-le-ma-no let the kite rise up. As it went up in the air the people on the beach saw it, and they shouted. The Princess's brother heard the shouts, and he came out to see what was happening.

When he saw the kite he ran down to the beach. He saw a canoe with two people in it, and one of them held the string of the kite. He called out to them, "O let me have the thing that flies!" Lae-ni-hi then said to her brother, "Let the boy have it," and he put the string of the kite into the boy's hand. Then the birds were put into the water and they floated on the waves. Then the toy canoe with its men in red was let down and it floated on the water. The boy cried out, "O let me have these things," and Lae-ni-hi gave them to him.

And then she put along the side of the canoe the standing figures that she had brought. The boy saw them, and then he wanted too. Then Lae-ni-hi said to him, "Are you a favourite with your sister?" "I am," the boy said, "she will do anything I ask her to do." "Call her so that she comes near us and I will give you these figures." The boy then called her. "Unless you come here, sister," he said, "I cannot get these playthings."

Kama came near. Then Ha-le-ma-no saw that she had the very height of the maiden whom he had seen in his dreams. "Are you a favourite with your sister, and would she mind if you asked her to turn her back to us?" Lae-ni-hi said. The boy asked his sister to turn her back, and then Ha-le-ma-no saw how straight her back was. After this Lae-ni-hi said, "Are you a favourite with your sister, and would she mind if you asked her to show her face to us?" After that Kama stood facing the canoe, and Ha-le-ma-no saw that this was, indeed, the maiden of his dream.

Then they met, Ha-le-ma-no and Kama. The Princess knew him for the youth she had seen in her dreams. She let him take her by the hands and bring her into the canoe. When they were in the canoe Lae-ni-hi

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paddled it off. The people of Puna and the people of Hilo came in chase of them. But by the power that Lae-ni-hi had the canoe was made go so swiftly that those who followed were left far behind.

After this the two kings said to each other : "Yes, we have sent much of what we owned to her and to her parents with the idea that one or the other of us would get her for his wife. Now she has been carried off from us. Let us make war upon those who have taken her, and punish them for having carried her off."

And so the two kings made war upon Ha-le-ma-no's people. Ha-le-ma-no and Kama had to flee away. And after enduring much suffering and much poverty they came to the Island of Maui. There they lived ; but instead of living in state and having plenty, they had to dig the ground and live as a farmer and a farmer's wife.

Near where they lived there was a beach, and people used to go down to it for surf-riding. One day Kama went down to this beach. She took a board and went surf-riding. And when she was racing in on the surf she remembered how she had once lived as a princess, and she remembered how Ha-le-ma-no had come and had taken her away, and how she had nothing now but a grass-hut and the roots that she and her husband pulled out of the ground. And then she was angry with Ha-le-ma-no, and she longed to be back again in Puna.

When she finished surf-riding and came in on the shore she saw that there were red canoes there—the canoes of a king. And then she saw Hua-a, the King of Puna. He came to her and he took her by the hands. She went with him, leaving her husband who was working in his fields. But in a while she was sorry for what she did, and she left Hua-a too. And after that Kama went wandering through the Islands.

Now, when Ha-le-ma-no knew that his wife had left him he grew so ill that again he was near his death. But again his sister saved him. Then, when he was well Ha-le-ma-no told his sister that he would learn to be a fisherman, for he thought that if he were something else than a farmer Kama would come back to him.

His sister told him to learn to be a singer and a chanter of verses ; she told him that if he had that art he would be most likely to win his wife back to him. Ha-le-ma-no made up his mind to learn the art of singing and of chanting verses.

When he was on his way to learn this art he passed by a grove at Ke-a-kui. He went within the grove and he saw the mai-le vine growing on the ohia trees. Then he began to strip the vine from the trees and make wreaths of it. He was sitting down making the wreaths when he saw the top of the mountain Ha-le-a-ke-la like a pointed cloud in the evening with other clouds drifting about it. And when he looked upon that mountain he thought of the places where he and his wife had travelled. And as he was thinking of her, his wife, who had been wandering about that Island, came near where he was. She saw him and she knew him ;

she came and she stood behind him. And then Ha-le-ma-no, looking upon the mountain, was moved to chant these verses :—

I was once thought a good deal of, O my love !
 My companion of the shady trees.
 For we two once lived on the food from the long-speared grass of the wilderness,
 Alas, O my love !
 My love from the land of the Kau-mu-ku wind,
 As it comes gliding over the ocean,
 As it covers the waves of Papa-wai,
 For it was the canoe that brought us here.
 Alas, O my love !
 My love of the home where we were friendless,
 Our only friend being our love for one another.
 It is hooked and it bites to the very inside of the bones.

Kama was going to put out her hand to touch him, but hearing him chant this she thought that he was in such sorrow that he would never forgive her. She wept, and she went away, leaving the place without speaking to him.

After that Ha-le-ma-no went on his way ; he learned the art of singing and of chanting verses. Afterwards, when he was very famous, it happened that he was invited to a place where there was singing and games.

He came to that place, covered over with a mantle, he sat by himself, and he watched those who came in. Many people came in, and amongst them a woman who wanted to be a wife to Ha-le-ma-no—a woman of great riches. But as Ha-le-ma-no looked towards this woman, he saw sitting there, in all her beauty and her grace, his own wife Kama. They asked him to chant to them. Then he remembered how he and she had lived together and had wandered together in different places, and remembering this, he chanted :—

We once lived in Hilo, in our own home,
 For we had suffered in the home that was not ours,
 For I had but one friend, myself.
 The streams of Hilo are innumerable,
 The high cliffs was the home where we lived.
 Alas, my love of the lehua blossoms of Moku-pa-ne !
 The lehua blossoms that were braided with the hala blossoms,
 For our love for one another was all that we had.
 The rain fell only at Le-le-wi,
 As it came creeping over the hala trees at Po-mai-kai,
 At the place where I was punished through love.
 Alas, O my love !
 My love from the leaping cliffs of Pi-i-kea ;
 From the waters of Wai-lu-ku where the people are carried under,
 Which we had to go through to get to the many cliffs of Hilo,
 Those solemn cliffs that are bare of people,
 Peopled by you and I alone, my love,
 You, my own love !

And when she heard these verses Kama knew who the man who chanted them was. She bowed her head, and she chanted :—

Alas, thou art my bosom companion, my love !
 My companion of the cold, watery home of Hilo,
 I am from Hilo,
 From the rain that pelts the leaves of the bread-fruit of Pi-i-honua ;
 For we live at the bread-fruit trees of Malama.
 Love is shown by the tears,
 Love is the friend of my companion,
 My companion of the thick forests of Pana-ewa,
 Where you and I have trod,
 Our only fellow-traveller our love.
 Alas, O my companion, my love !
 My love of the cold, watery home of Hilo,
 The friendless home where you and I lived.

And when she had chanted this, Kama looked towards Ha-le-ma-no, and she saw that forgiveness was in his eyes. They stood up then and they joined each other. Then they went away together.

You will surely see Hai-li,
 Hai-li where the blossoming lehua trees
 Are haunted by the birds,
 The o-o of the forest,
 Whose sweet notes can be heard at eventide.

So they sang to each other as they went away together.



Illustration to *The Dandy Dolls*—(Fitzmaurice).

mí meadóin fódhaidh.

Duanóg.

TREASCAR NA BLÁTANNA, coinnle cúmra tige.
AN DOMAIN, a dóirseoir módar-suilige, buidig
NA DUILLÍ uaine, lom an fáitche, fill
AN BRAT úrláir tar éis na bpleadóanna bí.

Óim-se mo dócas paon pé spéir gan spic
Ós cómair mo súl aš éas mar cáraio éroide
Gan feicsin róimam aš náimdeanas a's níot
Laete n-an-aicnro, doğrainn, dočar, vité !

Cao cuige ar tréigis mé, a lúilín buide,
leo' teas, leo' doibneas ceoil, leo' meirbige,
leo' suirigeašc, leo' briočta mara a's maige ?

Ná an mí pat-fuar so b'feárr go mór liom fíoch
A's faolras feabha, cleasa cama a's draoibeašc
An aibredin éorra-ruasig ar mó tí.

L. S. GÓGHAN

The Cynic's Swan-Song.

By T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

THE arch-cynic, in popular repute, of perhaps all Europe, died, leaving on his writing table a love-poem. That was his legacy, that and an act of apostasy so startling that insanity alone could account for it. All England was dumbfounded when his body was found in a field of buttercups, behind a screen of pale-gold poplars, near Horsley. That was not the end anyone had supposed possible for the Duke of Wolverhampton. For twenty years he had ruled England hardly, brutally, cynically, making heartless wars and cruel peace, relentlessly building the Empire and his own power. The devil might have come in person to carry him off at the stormy close of a sultry day. He might have fallen by the assassin's revolver. He might, more probably, have died in his bed and been buried with pomp and ceremony in Westminster Abbey. And now two amazing things had happened. His last political act had been one of justice and nobility, utterly inconsistent with his own record. He had ruined his career by a gesture. That evening in the Lords he had given his unexpected answer to a question, and had staggered his party with a *fait accompli* of impossible quixotism, which left a mark on the history of the world and ranked him with gods or devils. And then, as if in remorse for an irrevocable act of madness, which had wrecked the Empire, and shaken all thrones and powers, he had gone out into the night and had died by his own hand, leaving the world to recover from its loss as best it could. Not Westminster Abbey and assembled princes had received the honoured dead; but, in silence, broken by hisses and here and there a foul word, a suicide's unhallowed grave had swallowed the master of the world.

Only in a remote capital of a country, British no longer, stands a great column, and on the column, surveying the land he had freed, the Duke of Wolverhampton bares his head to heaven, and wreaths of buttercups, every June, keep fresh the great memory of the Liberator.

That is the story as it appeared (and still appears) to the public. But it is not the true story. On the night of his death he posted to me, on a few sheets of foolscap, his *apologia*, together with a number of old letters addressed to a lady, and a small MS. volume of poems. I felt it best to hold back this reliquary, and have done so till now. It would have been his wish. He set the stage for his leave-taking, and it was not for me to alter it. Nor should I even now, after all these years, have changed my mind, were it not that a scurrilous article in the *Patriot* requires an authoritative rejoinder.

In his great study at Wolverhampton House, one note only clashed with the perfect Regency whole, a masterly drawing of a girl's head by an unknown artist. Her tragic beauty looked down for twenty years on the

Duke's labours : her eyes, full of passion and despair, as she had looked on a lover once, filled that room with their spirituality. It was a portrait strangely out of keeping with the Duke's known tastes and character. He had not chosen to enlighten the curious. No one had read the enigma. The lady's name, her nationality even, were held sacred in the Duke's breast. He had loved her as few men have ever loved, absolutely. What she had been to him, or he to her, what part the artist who had caught that ineffable expression on her face, had played, I do not know. I remember quite clearly having seen her with the Duke, long before he was a Duke, walking down Piccadilly or sitting in the Park. She clung to his arm and talked with animation. They were a notable couple, both distinguished, and she most beautiful in a quite unusual way, a very picture of grace and charm and wit, a Renaissance figure in our London streets, or a Greek boy strayed from Athens in the days of Plato.

When she died, something snapped in the Duke's brain. She had been his inspiration ; without her, effort became worthless, truth and beauty 'unavailing. Her criticism removed, he slid down the easy slope of his tendencies. Externals possessed him to the exclusion of internals. The picturesque, the incongruous, claimed him—the names of people and things, beautiful words, heraldry, strings of titles, brilliant flowers, all sorts of detached and unconnected splendours. It was the same with his prejudices. It is true that they were not common prejudices. But he had many and inconsistent aversions and likings. He gave them full run. She had kept them within bounds, laughing at those which were entirely ridiculous, repressing those which sprang from violence, laziness of mind or body, supineness in perceiving shades, want of observation. Now he could obsess himself, unhindered, with an idea, and pursue it to the death, noting nothing of its correspondence with reality. Epigram rather than truth. A good epigram was easier to him than the effort of formulating a true statement. He gave rein to his bent towards exaggeration, deliberately neglected all qualifications and restrictions.

And so, by unnoticed stages, out of his first blank despair, the idea came to him of a great career. He had always, often in spite of himself, always in spite of her influence, felt drawn towards the exercise of power, and, more especially, the desire to comprehend the wheels and ramifications of political intrigue and achievement. So now her lover should be the greatest man in the world, crowned with glory, cinctured with power, forcing his will upon the world, for her sake.

Nothing mattered. He chose the shortest road to power. I do not think he ever consciously admitted to himself that he believed in the value of his work. There might have been lurking in his mind a desire to break the world which had broken him, and to pile up its ruins as her imperishable monument. The search for truth, in which they had both been fearless, the courage to face the truth when found, the uncompromising love of beauty they had shared, the passionate faith in liberty that had been theirs—all these he threw away, or locked in his secret mind. He followed the

path he had chosen, saying and doing all he had hitherto held in contempt, first no doubt deliberately, then of habit. Little by little he became, perhaps, the dupe of his own words and acts. He gave the public what it wanted, and that is never truth, but only the bastard semblance of truth, easy and false enough for it to take to its breast, and never beauty, but only beauty's counterfeit, the strumpet of the schools, and never liberty, but only slavery decked in fancy trappings and flaunting her shame. His rise to fame and power is part of the history of England and of the Empire. He became the hero of the nation and the aversion of the few true lovers afire with the things that matter. His heel ground Ireland and India openly, but England and Scotland and Wales none the less really.

He died for a memory of the past. One day, when the red hawthorn was in bloom, in a drawing-room looking out on a garden, he heard a girl sing. The faint smell of lilies of the valley came from a bowl on the piano. Suddenly out of the past came *her* voice singing to him long ago, as if she were beside him once again. He heard the words of *her* song, and the thin, sweet notes of *her* singing.

And he knew that he had been false to her in all he had done and been since she had died. He went back to his lonely study in Curzon Street, to what intolerable memories rushing on him like a flood! to the infinitely holy presence of his Beloved, shed round him again, as of old, and wrote his one immortal masterpiece, her real monument. To the Lords he then went, between the walls of Lansdowne passage, up the steps under the porch, down Berkeley Street, across Green Park and through Queen Anne Gate, walking with her, feeling her hand pluck his arm again, hearing her, speaking to her, full of one purpose, to undo his life's work, to pull down the false monument he had built, to *free the world*, to give her memory this last flower of passion and undying love.

This done, still with her, he went over the Bridge to Waterloo, took train to Cobham, and walked into the night. There, near Horsley, they found him dead in a field of buttercups, behind a screen of pale-gold poplars, with perfect happiness on his face.



Marsh's Library, from an etching by Estella Solomons.

Ghosts of "Old Royal."

By FRANK DALTON.

FIFTY years between ! The " Old Royal " is ashes, with almost all who functioned in it. Gone all, save a far distant brilliance and the shadows it casts, which, led in maternal memory's wake, come trooping to me through the long years.

Partial friends impelling, insisting on my suitability for the quest, would not be denied, and a boyish insouciance, fortified by much inquisitiveness, inducing, I made the venture. The world was very young then—fifty years ago !

A dull September morn ; the hump of old Carlisle Bridge greasy and slippery to my feet ; a heavy mist down the river-side ; Hawkins Street, with the life and light of its glowing nights, contrasted with the blankness of its morning, showed depressingly, as many night revellers do the morning after. Even Mrs. McNulty's Oystershops Saloon might be misleading—so brilliant in its gaslight glow ; the crimson of its crab and lobster, the tints of that peculiarly Dublin dainty, the pinky prawn, and opalescence of its oyster now glared through its vacant window, as if in resentment of its poverty. A courage-sapping solemnity surrounded me ; gloomily awaiting some few paces across was my goal—the " Old Royal," the House of Shadows, where by night I had seen the forms of the long departed—Cæsar's ghost and the ghost of it ; the blood-glutted guilty Thane ; the truculent, usurping Richard—all haunted by wraiths eloquent and substantial as themselves. These had I seen ; yet, screwing my courage, I strode to the door—I might have said " gloomy portal "—but " door " will do.

I entered, but was immediately halted by a great oaken barrier which ran from the left jamb of the door, half deep in the hall. A range of heavy spikes along the top was daunting. It was like being in the dock of a criminal court waiting sentence. Mine was for life apparently, so I turned to the right, through the half-door outside the barrier, and accepted my destiny.

Byrne, the door-keeper, received me. He was comfortably settled in a deep window seat opposite a great fire with heavy iron guard. He was a sombre man ; his long heavy coat and unduly scrubbed stove-pipe hat might have done service in the undertaking line. I was very early, he said, but directed me.

I passed through the hall into another but much larger, where I was faced by a great stairway, rising twenty feet and almost as wide, which I ascended, passed through a door, and took my first step on the stage—I had arrived.

My reception was chilling. All was dark and bare. No scene or wing standing ; everything " struck." It might have been a dark night

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in a market square. The only symptom of light came directly from somewhere high above, giving no indication of its source. It seemed to have worked its passage through high hanging scenes, borders and buttons; reflected, refracted, it had struggled and wriggled, till at last it fell utterly exhausted, in dull grey splashes, on the black of the empty stage beneath.

The outlook was not inviting; but in its gloom and immensity there was an alluring mystery very appealing to one of an enquiring turn of mind. Hark! I was not quite alone; voices murmuring in some unfathomed region reached me, strange voices, the accents unusual and foreign to me, raucous at times, then rumbling, murmuring, but always unintelligible and of doubtful location.

Moving cautiously forward, I tried to scan the front of the house; but if the stage was dark, it was Erebus—neither window nor crevice through which light could come; nothing visible but the great white dust sheets covering the box fronts, which, following the horse-shoe shape of the theatre, led the eye on an outward curve which indicated a possible circle of immeasurable proportions. It was like standing at the gate of an inverted world, concave, cavernous, vast. High up in the darkness dwelt one small glimmering star, how high or near it was there was nothing to scale or indicate; it was simply a cold glimmer in a black sky—remote, melancholy. Yet it was only the pilot of the great sun-burner, source of its thousand gleams.

There was a hurried pattering of feet. I turned, and out of the gloom a strange little figure, about four feet high, a miniature man, glided through the black and grey of the darkness, and vanished in the murk beyond. I turned up the stage towards the entrance. A light suddenly appeared at the opposite side, showing through a square doorway a corridor beyond, where the little man and two comparative giants were in earnest converse. A peremptory "Munden, bring de tee," ended their converse, and one of the giants hurriedly seized a large piece of T-shaped tubing, planted it in the stage, and in a moment the top sprang into flame; the darkness receded from the middle of the stage into the sides and corners, where it seemed to concentrate in deeper density.

The little man came carefully forward, peering all around as if in search; then, with sudden energy, stamped his foot in the middle of the stage; a rumbling noise and murmur of voices answered from the cellarage. Again he stamped, and at his foot the stage cracked, opened, and glided out of sight, leaving a great opening, through which, in dim light below, were wheels, and ropes, and moving men. Again the little man stamped, and another great rift appeared. Again, and the centre of the great stage had vanished, leaving only two great beams of timber on which it had been supported. A blast on a whistle, and up from the depths came large bridges with ramparts; again, and a castle, towered and buttressed, arose; higher and higher it climbed, filling the stage to the flies. Another blast of the little man's whistle, and the walls, as if of Jericho, sank, vanished. The stage closed, and all was as before.

The little man smiled contentedly, as might a conjuror after a successful manifestation, and as he stood there in the light of "de tee," I saw Guido! Guido Linders, stage director, and more than that, the stage, the theatre, for there was not a prop, a scene, bolt or rope, a board or brace, from Mezzanine floor to roof, that was not mirrored under his little brown wig and bowler hat. Guido could produce and prompt without book or script any play, tragedy or old comedy, in the ordinary round; he was almost equally at home with opera, English or Italian. Nothing was ever missed by Guido, tinkle of bell or launch of thunderbolt. In pantomime he had no limitations. He designed scenes, arranged marches, ensembles, dances, groupings; trained coryphées, did their dances well as the best, broke them in, dislocating called "turning them out," and put them through it, pas seul or animations, all one to Guido. Then, to make a mistake was gross, unforgivable. Not because of Guido, but of the "Theatre Royale of Dooblin." All his little soul was centred there: the cathedral of his hopes, the tomb of all the past he cared for, the cradle of his future. How he would boast of his Continental visits. He was of Italy. How the great theatres received him. Was he not stage director of the Theatre Royal, Dublin? A private box always at the Comedie Francaise for the director of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. How Guido survived the burning cannot be imagined. Had he been in Henry Egerton's place Guido would have gone down like a miniature Sardanapalus, and died happy in the mutual end, and pride of his pyre.

Absorbed in his duties, Mr. Linders had not noticed me, but on my advancing and explaining my presence he became keenly observant; his little eyes, like small black slits in his yellow face, glinted and glinted, looking me all over. At length he smiled on me—that is to say, his close-clipped black moustache wrinkled under his little nose as a terrier might preluding a snarl. I, however, accepted it as a smile. He had heard of me. Rehearsal immediately. Then, clapping his hands, he cried "Begin," and left me.

Through the gloom from various places figures gathered in various groups. Then a number of female forms crossed in the light; the tall figure in black, mournful, pale, plain, but *distinguée*, was, I knew, the fine emotional actress Faucett Saville; then, in strong contrast, Agnes Markham, buxom, smiling, and fresh-looking, as if just from a garden. The next, neatly dressed in brown, demure and gentle, was Bessie, of the Rignold's clever family. Then that fine character actress, Mrs. Huntley, alert and businesslike in neat tweed dress and small felt hat, a satchel strapped across her shoulder, and chain with keys hanging from her belt, passed into the gloom. A fair girl with pretty child-like face and a way of daintiness, was Minnie Harford, around whom was spun our sole romance, associating her with a tall dark youth, occasionally seen, named Oscar Wilde; so general had the rumour of their being engaged become as to evoke a public contradiction in the Dublin Press. So life's paths divide, leading us who knows whither.

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The men were misty figures in various groups. Frank Huntley, portly, dark, good-looking; his long drooping moustache, curled at the ends, had a cavalry look about it which, coupled with a gipsyish air, impressed me with an idea of horse-flesh, while his rakishly tilted silk hat and notable air of good fellowship denied all sign of the villainies he so capably perpetrated. A good useful actor was Frank, but sadly wanting in emotional expression. With him was Davy Byng and Sam Johnson. Davy's spare form, thin face with look of concentration, was in strong contrast with his neighbours. The long tufts which were his eyebrows formed small circles, half covering his bright little eyes, as if focussing them, his short, sharp nose assisting; while his pursed lips, ever in motion as if tasting something not quite sweet, gave one the impression of a rural apothecary earnestly engaged in the analysis of an acid-drop. Sam Johnson was the dapper man of the party; clothes stylish and well-fitting; his hat silk, of newest shape and polish; carefully groomed; his face genial, yet shrewd, would have suited a barrister's wig; indeed, as he stood he would well pass for a gentleman of the law in good practice. Irving's first engagement was with Sam, and Sam's last was with him.

Around were gathered many others, younger men and pleasant enough, all clean shaven—not so usual fifty years ago as now; smart-looking, businesslike, they would have passed as the clerical staff of a big manufacturing firm; men who knew their work and did not need to worry over it. One only had the artistic Bohemian touch, young Vaudenhoff, very good-looking in a Schilleresque German way, hair fair and curling, features well marked, his large tie, soft hat and velvet jacket, all evaded the commonplace.

There was a general movement of salutation when a door from the offices opened, and from it came the impressive figure of a gentleman, one well advanced in years, but visibly strong, full-bodied, large, deep-chested, wide, but rather short in the limbs; he rather shuffled than walked, but moved rapidly. The large head well formed, the face broad, deep-jowled, keen eyes, well-bridged nose and wide, eloquent mouth, bore testimony to a man of character and authority; his complexion ruddy, almost bucolic, gave no index of the theatre as I had read about it. Ah! What humorists Dickens and Thackeray were; what masters of fiction!

C. W. Granby affectionately, known as Daddy Granby, a great actor, or rather say a good actor, for Daddy lacked the essential of greatness, ostentation, and pretentiousness, qualities despised by the true artist, yet apparently the only ones by which the public can be taught to call them "great." Granby had stood shoulder high with Macready and the Keans, was acceptedly the best Falstaff of his time, and unsurpassed in old comedy as Pangloss, Thornberry and many other parts. Well, the public hardly knew, and Daddy wouldn't tell them. He comes to me in many forms, but silently now. Where is the voice, sonorous and flowing? In the Fat Knight Sir John, jocund and mellow as if exhaling the odours of old wine and bubblings of sack to the melody of an ancient song;

wooling us to tears in Job Thornberry as it struggled between affection and resentment over the tear-stained waistcoat the truant daughter had embroidered with "her own hands." Its pedantic cadences in Pangloss or unctuous pliancy in Polonius. Gone! Nothing left but the memory of a joy that was, yet so bright and warm that even the chillness of regret retains its glow. But who repines while safe within himself? Throned in the soul the treasures lie, and when with lavish fecundity maternal memory brings all her children to the call, we can feel and say they stand

Beside me as my youth,
Transforming for me the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.

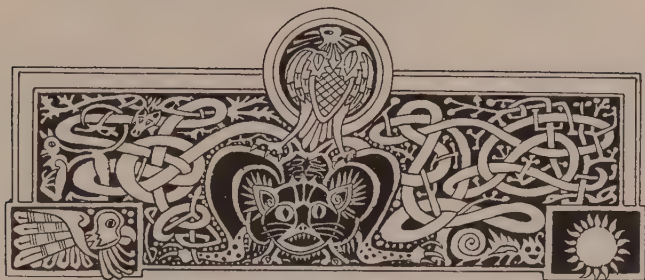
Glimpsed.

The sky is grey like the face of a man long dead,
And a huddled cloud curling his lip by himself at the wake ;
A light stares out from a hut on the bog and fills thee with dread :
Think, little soul, think for thine own little sake.

The glare of that eye gazing snakewise out of the hut
There in the rain on the waste looks as sly as a moon ;
The bog cotton stoops in the storm ; there is naught for thee but
To whinge, little soul, for the fiends will be here for thee soon.

Thou art small, crouching there in thy nakedness, numb.
Look ! Tall as the zenith they come, the ghosts of thee, ghosts
Dancing their mad galopade, hosts of them, hosts ;
Their fingers will strangle thee soon and thou wilt be dumb.
Howl quick, little soul, here they come !

Peter McBrien.



Adventures of the Gubbaun Saor and his Son.

Re-told by ELLA YOUNG.

FOREWORD.

These tales of the Gubbaun Saor and his Son I heard from story-tellers in Clare, Achil Island, Aranmore, and the Curraun. Anthony Patton told me in Achil the story of the Shortening of the Road, and Patrick Gallagher, of the Curraun, who has by heart so many of the fine traditional sagas and poems told me of Aunya's Bargain with her Father, and the stratagem to learn the Gubbaun's Secret, the Building of the Dun, and again, the Shortening of the Road. The tale of how the Gubbaun got his Craft is from Clare.

I have not altered any incident, but I have amplified the tales, and perhaps spoiled them for some people.

In Dr. Douglas Hyde's *Sgéatuiríe fíor na Seachtmaíne* will be found a story of the Gobán, taken down as the story-teller told it. *Seosamh Laoiríe* has such another story in his *Lúb na Caillíge*. To the former I owe Aunya's saying as to the fire, and to the latter her saying with regard to her father's handiwork.

To *Proinsias Ó Súilleabháin*, of Freiburg University, I am indebted for the incident of the Split Tree.

HOW THE SON OF THE GUBBAUN SOLD HIS SHEEPSKIN.



"I would be well for you to be raising a hand on your own behalf, now," said the Gubbaun Saor to his Son, "you can draw the birds from the bushes with one note of your flute: maybe you can draw luck with a woman. If you have the luck to get the daughter I gave in exchange for yourself our good days will begin."

The Son of the Gubbaun got to his feet.

"I could travel the world," he said, "with my reed flute and the Hound that came to me out of the Wood of Gold and Silver Yew Trees."

With that he gave a low call, and a milk-white Hound came running to the door.

"Is it without counsel and without advice and without a road-blessing," cried the Gubbaun, "that you are setting out to travel the world? How will you know what girl has the fire of wisdom in her mind? What sign, what token will you ask of her?"

"'Tis you that have wisdom: give me an advice," said the Son.

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"Take the sheepskin," said the Gubbaun, "and set yourself to find a buyer for it. The girl that will give you the skin and the price of it is the girl that will bring good-luck across this threshold. The day and the hour that you find her, send home the Hound that I may know of her and set out the riches of this house."

"Tree of Wisdom," said the Son, "bear fruit and blossom on your branches. The road blessing now to me."

"My blessing on the road that is smooth," said the Gubbaun, "and on the rough road through the quagmire. A blessing on night with the stars; and night when the stars are quenched. A blessing on the clear sky of day; and day that is choked with the thunder. May my blessing run before you. May my blessing guard you on the right hand and on the left. May my blessing follow you as your shadow follows. Take my road blessing," said the Gubbaun.

"The shelter of the Hazel Boughs to you, Salmon of Wisdom," said the Son.

He set out then with the Hound to travel the solitary places and the marts of the world. He shook the dust of many a town from his feet, but the sheepskin remained on his shoulder. A cause of merriment that skin was; a target for shafts of wit; a shaming of face to the man that carried it. It found its way into proverbs and wonder-tales, but it never found the bargain-clinch of a buyer.

If it hadn't been for the Hound, and the reed-flute, and the share of songs that he had, the Son of the Gubbaun Saor would have been worn to a skin of misery like a dried-up crab-apple!

One day, in the teeth of the North Wind, he climbed a hill-gap and came all at once on a green plain. There was only one tree in that plain, but everywhere scarlet blossoms trembled through the grass. Beneath the tree was a well: and from the well a girl came towards him. Her heavy hair was like spun gold. She walked lightly and proudly. The Son of the Gubbaun thought it long till he could change words with her.

"May every day bring luck and blessing to you," he cried.

"The like wish to yourself," said she, "and may your load be light."

"A good wish," said he; "I have far to carry my load."

"How far?" asked the girl.

"To the world's end, I think."

"Are you under enchantment?" said she. "Did a Hag of the Storm put a spell on you: or a Faery-Woman take you in her net?"

"'Tis the net of my father's wisdom that I am caught in," said he; "I must carry this sheepskin, my grief! till a woman gives me the price of it: and the skin itself, in the clinch of a good buyer's bargain."

"You need go no farther for that," said the girl. "Name your price for the skin."

He named his price. She took the skin. She plucked the wool from it. She gave him the skin and the price together.

"Luck on your hand," said he; "is the bargain a good one?"

"It is," said she, "I have fine pure wool for the price of a skin. May the price be a luck-penny!"

"You are the Woman my father brags of," cried the Son; "My Choice, My Share of the World you are, if you will come with me."

"I will come," said the girl.

The Son of the Gubbaun Saor called to the Hound.

"Swift One," he said, "our fortunes have blossomed. Set out now and don't let the wind that is behind you catch you up, or the wind that is in front of you out-race you, till you lie down by the Gubbaun Saor's threshold."

The Hound stretched himself in his running. He was like a salmon that silvers in mid-leap; like the wind through a forest of sedges; like the sun-track on dark waters: and he was like that in his running till he lay down by the Gubbaun Saor's threshold.

HOW THE GUBBAUN SAOR WELCOMED HOME HIS DAUGHTER.



ANY a time the Gubbaun looked forth to see was the Hound coming. He was tired of looking forth. He flung himself on the bench he had carved by the hearth-stone.

"I wish I never had a son!" he said, "I wish I were a young boy, wandering idly, or lying in a wood of larches with the wind stirring the tops of them. There is joy in the slanting stoop of the sea-hawk, but a man builds weariness for himself!"

He went to the door and looked forth.

The Wood of the Ridge stood blackly against the dawn. There was a great stillness. The earth seemed to listen. Suddenly the wood was full of singing voices. A brightness moved in it low down; brightness that grew, and grew; and neared; milk-white. The Hound! The Hound, Failinis, at last!

He broke, glittering, from the wood, and came with great leaps to the Gubbaun. The Gubbaun put his two hands about the head of the Hound.

"Treasure," he cried, "Swift-footed Jewel! Bringer of good tidings! It is time now to pile up the fires of welcome. It is time now to set my house in order. A hundred thousand welcomes!"

The Hound lay down by the door-stone.

The Gubbaun strewed green scented boughs on his threshold, plumes of the larch, branches of ash and quicken. Thorn in blossom he strewed; and marsh-mint; and frocken; and odorous red pine. He wondered if it was for Aunya—or a stranger.

The Gubbaun piled up a fire of welcome. Beneath it he put nine sacred stones taken from the cavern of the Dragon of the Winds. He laid

hazel wood on the pile, for wisdom ; and oak for enduring prosperity ; and black-thorn boughs to win favour of the stars. Quicken wood he had ; and ancient yew ; and silver-branched holly. Ash, he had, too, on the pile ; and thorn ; and wood of the apple-tree. These things of worth he had on the pile. With incantations and ceremonies he built it, and with rites such as druids use in the hill-fires that welcome the Spring and the Coming of the Gods of Dana.

The Gubbaun set out the riches of his house ; the beaten metals ; the wild-beast skins ; the brodered work. " If it is Aunya," thought he, " and her mind matches my own, she will care more for wide skiey spaces than for any roof-tree shaped by a tool." He thought of a wide stone-scattered plain ; of great wings in the night—and his eyes changed colour. The Gubbaun had every colour in his eyes : they were gray at times like the twilight ; green like the winter dawn ; amber like bog water in sunlight.

The Gubbaun considered the riches of his house. He looked at the walls he had built ; the secret contrivances, the strange cunning engines he had fashioned. " I was bought," he said to himself, " with a handful of tools ! Yet to make—and break—and re-make—that is the strong-handed choice."

Outside, joyously, rose the baying of the Hound. They were coming !

The Gubbaun set fire a-leap in the piled-up wood and ran to meet them.

Flames licked out ; flames that were azure, and orange, and sapphire, and blinding white. They lifted themselves like crowned serpents. They hissed. They danced. They leaped into the air. They spread themselves. They blossomed. They found voice. They sang.

" Have you looked on a fire hotter or stronger than this ? " asked the Gubbaun of the girl.

She looked on the flame. She said : " The Wind from the South has more warmth and more strength than all the ceremonial fires in Erin." And as she said it, her eyes that were blue like hyacinths in Spring turned gray like lake-water in shadow.

" It is Aunya," thought the Gubbaun, " she has the wisdom of the hills : I wonder has she the wisdom of the hearth."

He took her by the hand, he showed her his finest buildings ; his engines ; his secret contrivances. " What is your word on these ? " he asked.

" You need no word," said the girl, " and well you know it ! When the full tide is full, it is full ; to-day, and to-morrow no less. Tear stone from stone of these walls in the hope to surpass them—you can do no more than raise them again, fitting each block to its fellow. Trust your own wit on your work, for it's a pity of him that trusts a woman ! "

" You are Aunya," cried the Gubbaun, " you are Aunya, the treasure I lost in my youth. You were a dream in my mind when every precious stone was my covering. A hundred thousand welcomes, Aunya ! This

house is yours, and all its riches yours ! The hearth-flame yours ! The roof-tree yours ! ”

“ The reddest sun-rise,” said Aunya, “ is the soonest quenched. You will bid me go from this house one day, without looking backwards to it. All I ask against that day is your oath to let me carry my choice of three arm-loads of treasure out of this house.”

“ There is no day in all the days of the year that you will get a hard word from me, Aunya, for now my tree of life is the holly : no wind of misfortune can blow the leaves from it.”

“ Bind your oath on my asking,” said Aunya.

Then said the Gubbaun :—

“ *On the strong Sun I bind my oath,
My oath to Aunya ;*

If I deny three treasure-loads to her.

May the strong Sun avenge her.

On the Wise Moon I bind my oath,

My oath to Aunya :

If I rue my oath

Let the Wise Moon give judgment.

On the kind earth I bind my oath,

My oath to Aunya.

On the stones of the field ;

On running water ;

On growing grass.

Let the tusked boar avenge it !

Let the horned stag avenge it !

Let the piast of the waters avenge it !

On the strong Sun I bind my oath.”

“ It is enough, my Treasure and my Jewel of Wisdom ! ” said Aunya.

So Aunya, daughter of the Gubbaun Saor, came home.

HOW THE GUBBAUN QUARRELLED WITH AUNYA, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.



FOR every stroke of work the Gubbaun did before Aunya came into the house he did four or five strokes after that. His mind swarmed and buzzed with ideas. His feet were too slow for him. His hands that had the skill of the world in them were but two hands after all—he needed a hundred ! He broke himself up with the strength and fire that was in him, as the earth breaks up after long winter.

The Son of the Gubbaun made new songs every day : his mind was like a pool that holds a star in it, his life was like a stream that slips away singing.

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Day after day kindled itself on the hearth of the sky and burned itself to embers there, and no day took anything from Aunya, and no day wearied the Son of the Gubbaun Saor, but the Gubbaun himself was like an otter that swims among salmon when his jaws are too weary to bite.

Oftentimes Aunya told him a thing before he knew it himself: at times when his mind was hooded she was like a blinding light: at times when he drowsed by the hearth-stone her eyes made him think of mountain-peaks—chill peaks that climbed against the stars.

She was the goad that urged him beyond himself.

One day he burst out on her:—

“You are a parcher of blossoms,” he said, “you are the Red Wind from the East: you are a sting in the honeycomb!”

“The wind blows out a little flame,” said Aunya, “it fans a big one.”

“Go forth from this house,” cried the Gubbaun, “you that are a heart-scald and a lessener of strength to me!”

Do not come back to this house by day:

Do not come back to it by night:

Do not come back to it by the road:

Do not come back to it through the fields:

Do not come back to it with man, woman, or child in your company.

Do not come back to it alone.

Go forth from this house.”

“Give me what you bound your oath on; my three arm-loads of treasure!”

“Take them,” said the Gubbaun.

She lifted the cradle with the man-child she had borne in it: she set it outside the door. “My first arm-load of treasure in this!”

She lifted her man, the Son of the Gubbaun Saor: she set him outside the door. “My second arm-load of treasure in this!”

She lifted the Gubbaun himself: she set him outside the door. “My third arm-load of treasure in this!”

The Gubbaun hadn’t a word out of him.

The Son of the Gubbaun called to the Hound.

“It is time to be going,” he said, “the world is wide.”

The Gubbaun put his hand on the wall of the house.

“It’s farewell now,” said he, “to everything that I have made; to the first hearth-flame that I kindled; to the threshold; to the roof-tree—farewell! The world is wide.”

“My Treasures,” said Aunya, “if ye are set upon wandering the world—so it must be. But there is naught to bar this door on us.”

“My Prohibition bars it,” said the Gubbaun.

“I can cross the hedge of your Prohibition,” said Aunya, “I can pass between the thorns of it unharmed:

‘Do not come back to this house by day.’

I will come back to it by twilight.

'Do not come back to it by the road.'

I will come back to it by stepping on the ditches and the walls by the side of the road.

'Do not come back to it alone.'

I will come back to it with the Hound, Failinis, that is neither man, woman, or child, keeping step for step with me."

"*The wind blows out a little flame,*" said the Gubbaun, "you had the right word, Aunya: *'it fans a big one!'*"

(To be continued).



STAGE DIRECTIONS

FOR A PLAY CALLED

“William John Jamieson,”

Now being written By GERALD MacNAMARA
(Author of “Thompson in Tir-na-nOg”).

Characters in the Play :

<i>William John Jamieson</i>	A Teetotal Farmer.
<i>Agnes Ann</i>	His Daughter (secretly in love with Capt. the Hon. Hector Montgummary).
<i>Capt. the Hon. Hector Montgummary</i>			Secret but unfaithful lover of Agnes Ann.
<i>Samuel James</i>	Her Faithful Brother.
<i>Lord Hugh Montgummary</i>	A tyrannical Landowner.
<i>Nicholas Skinner</i>	His unscrupulous Agent (called by the witty peasantry “Ould Nick” and “Skin the Goat.”)
<i>Old Davy</i>	The Daft “Postie.”
<i>Mr. Stubbs</i>	A Bad-debt Collector.
<i>Dolly Dashwood</i>	An Adventuress, brazenly in love with Capt. the Hon. Hector Montgummary.
<i>Bolton</i>	A Hangman.
<i>Dropkins</i>	His Assistant.
<i>Rev. Mr. McBride</i>	Chaplain to the dissenting inmates of the County Gaol.
<i>A Blind Fiddler</i>			

County and District Inspectors, R.U.C., Soldiers, Policemen, Reporters, Labourers, etc., etc.

None of the characters in this play are taken from real life ; the Author hopes to make this obvious as the play proceeds.

The action of the play takes place in the County of Down, Northern Ireland.

Time—The present.

1st Act—Outside the Jamiesons’ cottage (on a Monday morning).

2nd Act—Inside of ditto (on a Sabbath evening).

3rd Act—Love’s loney (on a limelight night).

4th Act—Downpatrick Gaol (8 a.m.).

Hints to the Actors and Actresses.

William John Jamieson :—

Height, six feet ; broad shoulders, prominent nose, grey eyes, bushy eyebrows, high cheek bones, age about fifty.

Although a native of County Down, he wears Galway whiskers and a Ballymena (Co. Antrim) hat.

Good crop of hair in first act, thinner and grey in second act, still thinner and greyer in third act, and perfectly white in fourth (caused by domestic troubles explained in the play).

Costumes :—In first and third acts—morning coat of blue broadcloth, with flaps on pockets ; calf-skin waistcoat, cut low at the neck, but neck hidden by woollen muffler ; corduroy trousers, patched with Donegal home-spun, Scotch tartan and Brussels carpet—no crease.

Blucher boots—no laces.

Hat already described.

Costume worn in Second Act (Sunday) and Fourth Act (at the execution) :—Silk hat, black frock coat, buttoned tightly across the chest ; waistcoat optional ; black trousers, creased ; Shakespeare collar and white tie, puritan grey stockings, patent leather shoes, with protectors—no heel taps.

Personal Props :—Black umbrella ; ash plant ; travelling Bible and Psalter to match.

Character of William John :—His character can best be described by giving a summary of his average day's work. He rises at 5 o'clock in the morning, and takes care that his son and daughter do the same ; the son goes to work on the five-acre farm, and the daughter lights the kitchen fire, makes the beds, tidies the rooms, puts the porridge on the fire, and does other odd jobs till the factory horn blows, when she goes out to work.

When the house-work is being done William John is on his knees praying for the King and the Royal Family, the Premier of Northern Ireland, the Moderator of the General Assembly, the heathens of India, and the sailors on the sea ; then he rises to his feet and puts on the trousers already described.

When he hears the fire crackling he descends the ladder into the kitchen, and Agnes Ann assists him to lift the family Bible from the shelf and place it on the table.

By this time it is close on six o'clock, and the daughter is about to leave for the mill. The table has been pushed up to the fire, so that William John can read the Bible and stir the porridge at the same time.

After breakfast he goes out to the field and gives Samuel James instructions for the forenoon's work ; then he returns to the house, gets a portable Bible and visits the sick members of the congregation.

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Returning home at mid-day, he calls his son into the house to wash potatoes for the dinner.

No flesh meat is ever eaten except on Fridays, when the house reeks of fried American bacon. This is meant as a slap in the face to the Vatican.

Once a week, in the afternoon, the minister calls to get Bible lessons from William John and have his sermon for next Sunday sub-edited.

William John's evenings are spent at prayer meetings, "socials," temperance lectures, and such like.

Agnes Ann :—

Is about the average height of a woman—say four feet two ; hair bobbed (by her father as a punishment) ; features, although not quite regular, have a charm which captivates that arch-villain—Capt. the Hon. Hector Montgummery.

Throughout the play she wears a bright and cheerful expression, except (1) when she hears of her lover's murder ; (2) when she sees her name being blotted out of the family Bible, and (3) when she pays her last visit to her brother in the condemned cell.

*Costumes :—*In the first act she is dressed as a mill girl (as a matter of fact, she *is* a mill girl) ; puce blouse, blue skirt, black shawl, flesh-coloured stockings, no boots.

In the second act (Sunday), smartly dressed in a tailor-made costume, designed and cut as only a country dressmaker can ; elastic-sided boots, which are not put on until Capt. the Hon. Hector Montgummery knocks with his hunting crop at the back door.

In the last act (execution scene) she is dressed in deep mourning.

*Character :—*In the first and second acts Agnes Ann has a character, in the third it has gone, in the fourth it is retrieved—this will be explained as the play proceeds.

Samuel James :—

Height, five teet ten ; reddish hair, number eight complexion, two years older than Agnes Ann.

*Costumes :—*In first and third acts—blue cotton shirt ; could wear a 15½ collar, but prefers a muffler ; double-breasted waistcoat (formerly his father's) ; moleskin trousers with straw garters. In the fourth act (the scene of his execution)—grey tweed lounge suit, side, ticket and hip pockets ; vent in coat ; silk magenta handkerchief carelessly hanging out of breast pocket ; mourning band on sleeve.

*Character :—*Samuel James is industrious, and was truthful until he reached his eighteenth year, when he denied to his father that he had been to the circus.

Like most boys he had a passion for the army, and joined the Boy Scouts as a Cub at ten years of age. In 1915 he got several pressing and

genuine invitations to join the British army, but by this time his tastes had undergone a change, and he became passionately fond of reading.

When other youths were burning the candle at both ends, Samuel James was using an oil lamp, devouring the classics.

He was by no means backward in modern languages, for in less than a year he had translated "The Swiss Family Robinson" from the original (Swiss) into English.

When the curtain rises Samuel James is "cramming" for the B Specials.

Capt. the Hon. Hector Montgummary :—

It is really painful to have to describe this character, but in the interests of art it must be done. Age, thirty-five; complexion swarthy (being over-exposed in India); brown eyes, eyebrows forming one unbroken line across the forehead; teeth prominent, but clean; thin black moustache; height, about six feet six; slim both physically and morally; makes a hissing noise when speaking.

*Costumes :—*In the first act he is immaculately dressed in red hunting coat, buckskin breeches, top boots, silk hat with elastic string, white stock with horse-shoe pin set with diamonds, riding crop, and black silk fob with the Montgummary seal—no watch.

In the second act (Sunday), being careless in religious matters, he dresses in a rather unconventional manner. Plus four breeches with socks, buttoned patent leather boots, yachting cap, and an old military khaki tunic without buttons, the buttons having been removed in the barrack square of Jungapore by order of the O.C.

In the third act, when he rolls up his sleeves, to thrash the blind fiddler, some patches of tar are seen on his bare arms and a few feathers.

No costume is required in the fourth act, as he has already been murdered.

*Character and History :—*Capt. the Hon. Hector Montgummary was educated at Eton, afterwards at Harrow, Rugby, and Crewe; he then passed with honours to the Military College at Stonehenge, where he distinguished himself at polo and poker.

At the age of nineteen, being an Irishman, he was gazetted into a Scottish regiment.

When war broke out in South Africa he was ordered to India, and was twice mentioned in despatches for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

Not being able to gain his majority, he returned home to his uncle's estate.

On three separate occasions he attempted to poison his uncle, but the old lord, being a deputy lieutenant, was able to get the matter hushed up.

Lord Hugh Montgomery :—

Height, five feet six ; width, much the same ; bald and shiny head with white surround ; complexion, Rose du Barry ; steel-grey grizzled moustache.

*Costumes :—*In the second act, when he enters the Jamieson cottage with a promise to wipe out the debt of fifteen years' rent if Agnes Ann marries Mr. Stubbs or anyone else but his nephew, he is dressed in a large fur coat, with gauntlets, goggles, and a respirator, having motored over from Castlegummary.

In the fourth act (execution scene)—being high sheriff, he is dressed like a lord mayor, with cocked hat, chain of office, spurs, etc. It is his duty as high sheriff to witness the execution of his nephew's murderer, but he must show the audience that he is enjoying himself, without actually laughing.

Although dotingly fond of his nephew, Lord Hugh has threatened to cut him off with a shilling if he marries Agnes Ann Jamieson.

Nicholas Skinner :—

Thin, of medium height and a parchment coloured complexion, consistent with his profession.

He would have been celebrating his golden wedding this year had his wife not deserted him on their honeymoon. This event cast a shadow over his life and everybody else's that he came in contact with.

It was Nicholas Skinner who informed Lord Hugh of the Captain's clandestine meetings with Agnes Ann.

In the third act it was he who gave Samuel James into custody for the murder of the Hon. Hector Montgomery.

*Costume :—*Shiny frock coat and trousers of black broadcloth, grey gaiters, silk hat, white collar and black stock. He carries an umbrella and a black bag filled with mortgages, bills of sale, ejectment notices, I.O.U.'s, the Christmas number of *Stubbs' Gazette*, and a bunch of skeleton keys ; in the confidence of Lord Hugh—his *homme des affaires*—in fact a "confidence man."

Old Davy, "the Daft Postie" :—

Age uncertain, long white beard, wrinkled face, usual postman's uniform. On account of the wide district he had to cover, and the slowness of the delivery of the letters, he was presented by the parish with an "Indian" motor bicycle.

Old Davy started his career as a drummer-boy at Waterloo, gained the first Victoria Cross in the Indian Mutiny, was promoted to the rank of lance-corporal on the field of Inkerman, wounded at Sebastapol in a canteen, and kissed in hospital by Florence Nightingale by mistake. Discharged from the army after twenty-one years' service, joined the Royal Navy the following year, and arrived with the naval brigade in Africa.

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just in time to save Lord Hugh's life at Rorke's Drift. Volunteered for active service in 1914, but was rejected by an ungrateful government for defective teeth.

This is the story of Davy's life as told by himself.

Mr. Stubbs, a Bad-debt Collector or a Bad Debt-collector :—

Age, about fifty; fair hair, bowler hat, grey tweed suit (ready-made), small hand bag. He can wear a beard, side whiskers, moustache, or be clean shaven, as he is a very unimportant, character and has nothing whatever to do with the plot of the play.

Mr. Stubbs has no words to speak, he walks across the stage from the O.P. side briskly and knocks at William John Jamieson's door—there is no response. This is repeated in the same act (1) on three occasions.

Dolly Dashwood, an Adventuress :—

It is unnecessary to describe this lady—any schoolboy knows how an adventuress should dress and act.

Bolton, a Hangman :—

A middle-aged, sallow-complexioned, freckled-faced, uneducated, common, unsociable fellow.

Dressed in black shabby-genteel dongarees, with medals attached to watch chain.

When the curtain rises he should be doing "business"—say with a piece of rope.

He has few words, but they should be spoken with an English accent—words such as "'Aul in the slack of that rope, Albert" to his assistant); "Please keep off the trap-door" (to the Chaplain), and "Stand clear of the gates" (to the condemned man).

Rev. Mr. McBride, the Prison Chaplain :—

A muscular Christian.

Age, about forty; married to a plain-looking but wealthy lady! six children, all healthy.

Good complexion, navy blue eyes.

Heavy, but fair moustache.

Dressed in black, of a somewhat clerical cut.

Collar, 18 x 2 inches, with stud at back.

In the condemned cell he does his best to make Samuel James feel at home, by joining him at breakfast, pressing him to have another egg, etc.

He tells Samuel James that he is firmly convinced of his innocence, and assures him that he will leave no stone unturned to clear up the mystery—when he returns from his holidays.

A Blind Fiddler :—

As this creature neither helps nor hinders the action of the play, his dress, character, and appearance can safely be left to the discretion of the producer ; it may, however, be mentioned that it is a *male* character.

As the blind fiddler is a long time " on " and has no words, he could make himself useful by " counting the house."

Theatrical Terms used on the Stage :—

C stands for centre. R for right. L for left. P stands for the " prompt " or prompter's side of the stage, and O.P. for " opposite prompt " side.

When one has discovered which side is " prompt " he will have no difficulty in finding the O.P. side, and, of course, *vice versa*.



Wood-cut by Louise Jacobs.

A New Book of Snobs.

MARCEL PROUST died about nine months ago, at the age of fifty.

His whole work, with the exception of a few essays and stories, consisted of a novel, not completely finished at the time of his death; and yet a Proust Society has already been formed with the object of elucidating the quality and perpetuating the fame of this one book of seven volumes—*A La Recherche du Temps Perdu* is its general title. Proust in his lifetime inclined to be quizzical with his admirers. "Don't speak to me," he said to an English lady, "about *Du Côté des Guermantes* (the title of one of the volumes); "but about the Lord Mayor of Cork—that will be more interesting." He belonged to a rich, partly Jewish, family, was very generous, and cultivated many of the affectations of a "man about town." An asthmatic affection compelled him to live wholly in Paris (although he loved the sea and the spring and the cities of art), and to rise only after sunset.

His book is autobiographical, a study in the first person, and of friends and acquaintances, of a given society, set in a definite period—mainly the opening of this century—among definite events. We had grown weary of novels with "topical" scenery, which begin with the hero's childhood or reach a crisis, like Europe, in the year 1914: long-winded exhibitions of a superficial egoism, and smelling of the files of old newspapers. *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu* is not at all like these. It is the book of a man endlessly curious about his memories, the most trivial of which he invests with an almost metaphysical significance, as he records them apparently with complete impassivity. The originality of the style, the subtlety of the ultimate intention, have chiefly been subjects of discussion among Proust's admirers; so that it is sometimes forgotten that this writer had an equipment of intuition, of humour, of power of observation, and knowledge of the "world" sufficient to endow half-a-dozen novelists working in a recognised form. He is as erudite in the ways of society as Thackeray, as keen a psychologist of passion as Stendhal, and he has a power of learned digression (the range of his interests extending to every department of human knowledge) as great as that of Mr. James Joyce.

With Mr. Joyce, indeed, Proust has often been compared; superficially, maybe, though Proust's style should have had its influence on the Irish writer. Both Irishman and Frenchman are realists in the extreme, presenting as exactly and minutely as possible—from their standpoints—all that they have seen. They are both, as has been observed, witty men; and, therefore, their description of "life," for all its lengthiness, is witty as well as objectively exact. But the world of *Ulysses* is a world where, to put it mildly, people don't bother about keeping up appearances; whereas Proust was enormously intrigued by Society-ways, questions of manners and etiquette, and the conventions. Proust's book has a documentary value in the one respect, just as Mr. Joyce's has in the other; it

may be remarked, in passing, that the worlds of both writers are unfamiliar to the generality of novel-readers, and this invests both books with an interest of a kind that has nothing to do with literature. *Ulysses* has claims on the attention of naughty schoolboys, as on the collectors of "curious" books; and there are passages in *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu* calculated to attract old ladies whose favourite reading ordinarily is Burke's *Peerage*, or the *Almanach di Gotha*.

It is said that Proust's own favourite reading was the pedigrees of the *Almanach di Gotha*; and this was, no doubt, partly a "stunt," like his wearing a thick overcoat and using a respirator in the height of summer: the playful exhibition of a failing to which as a member of poor humanity he was liable. In *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu* he wrote a new "book of snobs"—a much more elaborate book than Thackeray's. Unlike the Englishman, who in his caricatures of the Fitz-Heehaws and the De-Brays sought to disguise and cover up a weakness of which he was ashamed, Proust was not afraid of being called a snob. He may be ironical at the expense of his aristocrats, as, indeed, he is ironical over the general spectacle of life; but it is not merely by way of jest, or farce, that he describes how the Duc de Guermantes helps a guest on with his coat. *Je vais vous aider à entrer votre pelure*. "He did not even smile when employing this expression, for those expressions that have become most vulgar have, for that very reason, owing to the simplicity affected by the de Guermantes, become aristocratic."

Here is a passage describing another incident at the same reception of the de Guermantes:—

In the vestibule I asked one of the valets for my snow shoes, which I had brought as a precaution . . . having forgotten this was not very elegant, I observed around me a disdainful smile, and felt a shame which grew greater when I saw that the Princesse de Parme had not left, and was watching me put on my American rubbers. She came towards me. "Oh! what a good idea . . . we should have things like that," she said to her lady in waiting, the while the irony of the servants changed to respect, and guests crowded round me to enquire where I had bought the wonderful things. "Thanks to that, you will have nothing to fear even if it does snow again and you have far to go."

Thackeray described the snob as one who meanly admires mean things, and he found, it will be remembered, a perfect expression of the snobbish in the hankering of a certain kind of Dubliner for the Lord Lieutenant and his sham Court. It was not a failing, said he, confined to any particular class in society, but might be found in "every rank of this mortal life": manifesting itself in the highly placed by insolence; in the more lowly by humility or envy. In opposition Thackeray set up a characteristically English conception, "Nature's gentlemen," an idea

which leads to every sort of sentimentalism, and confusion of thought. Proust's attitude towards the question of class and class consciousness was much more scientific, and also more amusing. The French grandees who move through the pages of his novels are not snobs in the Thackerayan sense, although they "take" their birth in the most varied sense (some being impelled by it towards radicalism); neither are they "nature's gentlemen," being clearly products of artificial circumstance. Thus the French writer, unlike the English author of *The Book of Snobs*, seeks to see things as they are, without moral prepossessions. He finds the something that is derived from long lineage and long and assured possession of wealth (chiefly the latter) a legitimate subject for intellectual curiosity, whether this something be accompanied by arrogance or (as is the case with one of his characters) a quite pure and disinterested disdain of wealth and ancestry.

The narrative is principally in the first person; the narrator, whose name is not disclosed, belonging evidently to a well-to-do, cultured, and quiet-living family of the upper *bourgeoisie*. This family has as neighbours in the country, at Combray, a rich Jew named Swann (*Du Côté de Chez Swann* is the title of one volume) and the very ancient pre-Charlemagnian house of the de Guermantes (*Le Côté de Guermantes*). Swann is an amateur of the arts and a brilliant mind, who goes everywhere and knows everyone; and, as a child, the narrator—or, as we may call him for convenience sake, the young Proust—is immensely impressed by the luxury and taste of Swann's household. The daughter of Swann (who is his first love) has at least six nursely attendants, while he has only one. His first sight of Madame de Guermantes is in the village church, at the marriage of the doctor's daughter; rank then replaces luxury as the object of his excited meditations:

The chapel in which she heard Mass was that of Gilbert du Mauvais, under the flat tombs of which, gilded and distended like honey-combs, the ancient Counts of Brabant reposed, or which was, as I remembered had been told me, reserved for the de Guermantes' family when one of its members came for a ceremony to Combray; there could certainly be only one woman resembling the portrait of Madame de Guermantes, who was there that day, the precise day on which she should be there, and in that chapel.

At first, what a disappointment! The Duchess was just like another woman of her time—she had a red face and a mauve tie, like Madame Sazerat. The boy is so reminded of people he has seen at home that—

I had the suspicion that this lady in her generating principle, in all her molecules, was not, perhaps, substantially the Duchesse de Guermantes, but that her body, ignoring the name applied to it, belonged to a certain feminine type which also comprised the wives of doctors and merchants.

Yet, a little while later—

This Madame de Guermantes, of whom I had so often dreamed, now that I saw she existed effectively outside of myself, took a still greater hold on my imagination which, paralysed for a moment by contact with a reality so different from what is expected, began to react and to say to me : "Glorious before the days of Charlemagne, the de Guermantes had the right of life and death over their vassals : the Duchesse de Guermantes descends from Genevieve de Brabant. She neither knows nor would consent to know any of the people who are here . . ."

Later on, as a young man, the narrator becomes a close friend of Madame de Guermante's nephew, Robert de Saint Loup. This Saint Loup is in revolt against his caste. He is an intellectual, for all his airs of a "disdainful sportsman," who "spends hours in studying Nietzsche and Proudhon." As Saint Loup's brain is not an exceptional one, it seems a pity that he should not have been satisfied to have been the son of his father. To fall in love with Nietzsche and Proudhon, might happen to anyone, but not everyone could have guided Proust to that old-fashioned romance which had constituted the existence of Saint Loup's father with its "so special" taste and elegance. The views of Madame de Villeparisis, another member of the same family, on literature and politics were more interesting. This lady remembered a time when the title of genius was not misused as it is now, when if you say of a writer that he has talent you are thought to have insulted him. Chateaubriand, Victor Hugo, de Vigny ; O, yes, they had talent. They would have been amused, however, by the language of their present-day devotees. Mention of de Vigny caused Madame de Villeparisis to laugh. Was it not he who said : "I am the Count Alfred de Vigny." One is a Count, or one is not a Count, it has no sort of importance. Besides, she would add indignuously, "if he was a Count the branch was a very minor one."

Where Proust's grandees are purposely insolent, out of arrogance of class, theirs is a very subtle insolence ; here we have none of the crude ill-manners attributed by Thackeray to his "snob" of the higher rank. Even the malign M. de Charlus (who only uses his title when he is travelling *incognito*) is very affable and courteous, on the outside. But he asks Proust and his grandmother to tea with his aunt, Madame de Villeparisis, and when they arrive he says (for Madame de Villeparisis is evidently surprised at their coming), "What a good idea you had in coming to day !" "Don't you remember you asked us," enquires the puzzled young guest. M. Charlus pretends not to hear. The question being repeated, a smile comes to his lips, like the smile of one who judges education and character from a great height.

The grandmother, almost the only person in the book who cannot be called a snob, is enchanted by M. de Charlus, on account of his intelli-

gence and sensibility. She notes, of course, the extreme importance which he attaches to questions of birth and worldly position ; but she does not judge him severely for this, *because*, as Proust observes acutely, she is neither envious nor irritated at seeing another rejoicing in advantages which one cannot but would like to possess. Thackerayans should note.

The study of Saint Loup's manners is, however, the most elaborate thing of its kind that Proust gives us ; and it seems to indicate an opinion that the "snob," whose progress he describes, was not wholly pursuing an illusion. Something of emotional and intellectual interest is found among the de Charlus, the de Guermantes and the Saint Loups that would not be found elsewhere—so Proust appears to suggest ; with the best will in the world, they cannot escape from their inheritance. Saint Loup's radicalism, his socialistic aspirations, only serve to emphasize his caste. Yet Saint Loup was perfectly sincere in his shame of his origins, in his determination to live democratically ; and once when he has an altercation with his cabman he explains—when asked how he reconciled his language with his socialist opinions—that he would not have been rude had he not regarded the man as his equal. "In rediscovering in him that anterior, secular being which precisely he aspired not to be, I experienced a lively joy, but a joy of the intellect, not of friendship . . . sometimes I reproached myself for taking pleasure in regarding my friend as a work of art ; that is to say for considering the play of all the parts of his being as though they were harmoniously regulated by a general idea to which they were suspended, but of which he was not aware, and which, consequently, added nothing to that personal value of intelligence and morality to which he attached so great a price."

J. M. H.

Blind Man's Holiday in Ballyree.

By FLORENCE M. WILSON.

WHEN Serellen had stirred the broth till all's no more, she birl'd round like a tee-totum, and putting her fingers into her mouth, whistled thrice, loud and shrill, like the train does be doing when it goes into the dark of the new cutting this side of Legacurry. And at that, hot and hungry, himself came striding in, fresh from his day's work in the Low Meady.

"Ask a blessin'," said she, "afore I teems out the dinner."

He said gruffly, "Fur what we're 'bout to recave may the Lord hurry her up, and give it to us at onst!"

Well then, he had only taken three whole sups and a bite of good meat, when Lame Jimsie, the farm-han', peeked his tously head round the neb of the door.

"Whist!" said he, "the Blin' man is loupin' up the lonenin' like a rabbit to a kebbige."

"Bad scrán to him!" said Serellen; but, "Good Luck shada him!" said himself, scooping up the broth purty fast.

Then tippity-taw, and tippity-taw, sounded the Blind man's stick on the cobble-stones of the rick-yard.

He came fumbling at the latch then, and cloitering his brogues about on the flag-stones, but she never let on she heard him.

"What's the news? What's the stir, Dark Man?" spluttered himself, and the fine barley and the white chopped leeks flew out on his rusty red beard like snow on a dyke.

A thin voice quavered in through the keyhole, reedy and forlorn, as a peesweet goes piping over the sagans.

"The South win's loosed on Teelin Hill, an' there's fun to be foun' there if on'y you an' me were there to see it, so be."

At this, himself lepped off his seat in a winkin' hurry.

"Where's my long-sleeved waisty-coat, good wumman, an' my ash-plant staff, an' the hat me father wore?"

Serellen sat on, and her tongue was the only bit of her that wagged, and it went as fast as the clock Widdy Dogherty's son sent her from America, and *it* hasn't stopped yet.

The pair of them, the Blind man and himself, were half-ways to thonder when she suddenly remembered the leavings of his dinner.

Up she clattered, and taking down the speckly old jug from the press, filled it to the brim, and over, and after them she went, and all the hens, ducks, and dozing cats in the town lan' went scarifying before her. She mounted the marching dyke between hers and Mawhinney's farm, and let a shout out of her as loud and as deep as a giant's bellow.

"Belike there's a faint wee rum'le o' a shout somewhere's behind us, neighbour," said the Blind man.

"It's herself, an' her delicate voice," said himself, and birling round on his heel-tracks he took the full of his eye at the frantic apparition of her, perched high and dry on the dyke-top.

"Here's what you left o' your dinner," she shouted, waving the jug like a triumphant banner.

"Keep it where it is till I see you again," shouted himself towards her in a fierce gusty voice.

"Just so!" said Serellen, and emptied the jug out where she was standing, all among the whins and bram'les.

"I hate to see good food goin' waste," she muttered as she clambered down, with her skirts ballooning behind her.

"Belike, neighbour, there was a somethin' pourin' out, an' soakin' in, somewhered beyant me," quavered the Dark Man.

As they were ram'lin' on he got his answer.

"You'd think she was a quare fool by her ways, and a bigger fool by her talk, but it's on'y you an' me's the fools, for bein' so foolish as to think she's the fool. I can tell you so much Blin' Man, but more I can't tell you."

"When you find paycocks feathers growin' on a crow's back, an' it in no way onaisy at them for bein' located there, then, neighbour, you'll be lookin' at a rarer thing than an onsensible woman."

And so discoursing blithely they went on.

The Blind Man stopped suddenly and snuffed in the brave air.

"I smell a smell of good fat things, neighbour, an' them boilin' an' bubblin' riotously in a hot pot. Where would that be comin' from in this hun'ry countryside?"

"That'll be the reek blowin' up from the kitchen chimbly out of the big Englishy house below in the hollow. They do be sayin' that there they keep Chrismassy times the year roun', an' a feast on Sundays."

"Now, that's a fine notion, if you like; if so, the colicky spasms don't come to grips with them. It's a queer pity our way, this day, doesn't be near that same warm house, neighbour."

"Where are we goin' then, Dark Man?"

"Oh, anywhere an' everywhere, an' that leads, as you know, to nowheres in particular; an' by the four arts an' parts. If we travel long enough North, we come out South, an' journeyin' East will fetch us West, so the pick an' choice o' the world lies between the crook o' my elbow an' the arch o' your fut."

"That's so, that's so, an' I cannot fault you guiding, but I must win home for the milking-time. The red cow has a manner o' dunchin' which is both onsartin an' frequent, an' Lame Jimsie has three weans dependin' on him. I could not well be jollifying, Dark Man, if I saw him, in my mind's eye, up agen the byre-wall, an' the red cow excavatin' his innards out with her evil horns."

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"You're a purty figure o' a man to be tethered to a cow's tail," said the Blin' Man spitefully. Himself squinted at him over his left shoulder.

"Sure now, sence compliments are flyin', a cow's tail is a heartsome thing to be tied till, compared to a lump o' a blackthorn stick, that goes for ever lamentin' tappity-tay, an' complainin' tappity-taw, like a ghost from a grave."

Nothing more passed between them till they came to the cross-roads.

The Blind Man leaned up against the Stanin' Stone there, and drew his hand across his eyes. The low notes of the South wind murred and soughed in the woods by the Loughside, and a bird or two whirred over the hedges.

"Neighbour," he said softly, "I love to breathe in the smell o' the primroseys an' they growin' in saffron patches through the drift o' last summer's leaves, in atween the tangly grasses that never felt a hook. Tell me, is there another flower has half so sweet a way o' talkin'?"

His sightless eyes sent their dark glances along the woody edges of the undergrowth.

"Och! och! I could split me sides at the laughin' at you this instant minute, Dark Man, you with your clash o' primroseys an' it next door to Holl'ave. Och! set him up, him an' his talk o' primroseys! Dead leaves an' withered branches in plenty, God knows, but primroseys! The Lord sees! The Lord sees!"

The Blind Man moved neither mouth nor muscle, for so long as you would be saying, King Kildorey kissed the kindly kitchen-maid fornent her kinsman's kettle, once for yourself, and three times over for the good luck not to be broken; and then, said he, softly, whiles making himself a seat on a tussock of wayside clover: "You'll mebbe have gone gatherin' the primroseys in the green sap o' the Spring, neighbour?"

"Ay then, whiles."

"An' you'll have discovered them comin' into bein', first a weeny lock o' crinkly buds hidin', hidin', in ondher their house o' leaves, out o' the sleet's way an' the storm?"

"Ay, then, feth, I am rememberin' it was so."

"An' you came streelin' home wi' them, the first fresh few o' them, careful-like, countin' them over, as an ould miser would be countin' his gold, till you gave them into your sister's han's; or, mebbe, it was your mother you loved best in the gone-by days, neighbour?"

"Both o' them held my heart then, Blin' Man, till the sods—the cruel dividin' sods of Faughil, grew jealous o' them an' me."

"An' later, neighbour, still seekin' out the primroseys, you saw them shinin', shinin', like a queen's jewel-box, or like soft pale stars up from a soft green sky, an' not hidin' anny more, but boldly holdin' up their thousan's o' wishin'-cups for the sun to drip his yellow wine intil. An' it was then, no sooner an' no later, that you put your face down among them an' wished the long wish that a boy has no words for, nor a man nether. What did you think you wished for then, neighbour?"



Illustration by Bougmain Wilson.

" Oh, many's the thing, many's the foolish thing, they were so soft and sweet, as you say, Dark Man, like a young wean's face. Both I have laid agen my cheek, in my day, an' the feel o' them has never slid away, as best things have a trick o' doin'."

" An' there came a day after, when you went out lookin' for them, an' found instead their empty places, an' the bluebells thick as mist below, an' the thorns silken flurry above."

" That was what I saw, Blin' Man; I gathered none o' these."

" Well, then, neighbour, when you laugh at me, remember that my dark eyes hold what last I saw, afore the gloom crept up an' took the light away. For me the primroseys bloom and bloom for ever in a garden far from kith an' kin, and so this minit, I smell them strong as honey in the bracken dip near Tolan's farm."

They rose and ram'led on another stretch, then said himself :

" Here's a man walkin' torst us wi' the nose o' a dhrum-majer, an' the mouth o' a peeler, an' on him a forbearin' manner o' appearance o' consait, which is both onnatural an' onlikable. Who d'ye say he'd be ?"

" That'll be the Returned American, home a week come Tuesda', an' his nose canna be helped, for as his head swelt, it swelt, an' his mouth extended by rayson o' him shoutin' out large ordhers over beyant, an' there's no way o' drawin' it in agen to its right width, onless, so be, he goes dumb, an' that he'll never do, so long as there's a clockin' hen left in Ballyree. But, neighbour, his manners could be bettered by the help o' an ash plant staff."

" Not by me, Blin' Man, not by me. I'm wan for peace and quietness."

" I hope you sit down with them every bite you take, an' fin' them waitin for you when you waken, neighbour, but I've me doubts about it."

Himself looked round at him, but the Dark Man's face was as sweet as a bit of barley-sugar.

" I've a sinkin' in me that betokens sorrow of some sort, an' I can on'y set it down to the Red Cow's onladylike behaviour. True enough, Lame Jimsie was behint the door when good looks were goin' roun', but that's as it was devised to be, an' is no excuse for her to be throwin' her horns about so free an' easy, an' transfixin' him agen the byre-wall. What do you advise, Dark Man ?"

" Shure, he can growl, an' herself could scare away broad battalions o' beasts by wan luk of hers into their noble eyes. Mebbe it's gettin' near to supper-time, an' that's the beginning an' the end o' your sinkin's o' sorrow."

Himself fell to sooking away at his cold pipe, and cold comfort it was. It was then, perhaps, that he saw the brown and grey shadows streaming and wandering over the fallow fields and plucking at the muted silvery lough-water, as harpers pluck at their harp-strings. And he saw, that down by the fir plantin' the songs of the robins had ceased, and up

by the huddling houses, where the mountainy folk consort together, red lights flaring on the gable-panes, and homing hens and children, fluttering through the half-doors. And he heard, forbye, the cheery whistling of men putting fother to horses, and the clatter of pails beside the patient cows; and here a laugh, and there the sleepy cry of a weary wean, and knew then, that it was time for him to be going if he wanted back before the black o' the night.

"I misdoubt the wind has changed, brother," he said.

The Blind Man wet a scraggy finger and held it up.

"So it has then, northerin' all the time, neighbour. Our fun's over till the drowsy blood in my veins wakens again. So, Good-night to you! an' may you dream of the lucky roads you'll never go walk on, an' the crooked crinkly jewels o' the rainbow you'll never hansel."

I can tell you, himself went hot-foot over the miles between him and home, but the nearer he got there, the farther he left his pleasure behind. And so, when he came, hungry as a hunter, to his own door, he stood considering to himself before he put out a timid hand and fell to rattling the latch.

"The bolt's sneckt on the inside an' it's as dark as dungeon, on'y for the noise, I would be safe in sayin' herself had made the best out o' a bad job an' gone to her bed."

So he rattled again, and he better rattled, and seemingly to no end or purpose. The clitter-clatter in the house did not abate, and, to add to the rest, out from under the door came rushing a torrent of soapy water, like a burnin' spate. And him with his Sunday brogues on! But more fearsome than all, and greatest wonderment was the sound of herself singing to herself, as serene as a lintie on a whin. Lilting away to herself she was, some old comeallie of a song; in the sweet middle part of her voice that laid by tunement.

"Wummin', dear!" said himself to himself, "It's a queer pity you don't sing oftener. I'd supposed you'd near-han' forgotten how till tune up, so long is it sence you opened your mouth, save to barge with. There's a gentle twist in an' out o' the music that minds me of the first day I ever saw you. It was on a lazy May day, an' I was a lump of a boy with a tousle of tangly hair hangin' intil my eyes, an' a rod an' line in me han'. The Big Pool was mine an' no one's else all afternoon. Till whisht! on a suddent you came strollin' along pluckin' at the gillyflowers, an' purtier you were then than any flower from here to Deadman's Gap. Och! time has a rough han', especially when he slaps it agen a girl's face, the onmannerly gomerall!"

But still she kept on at the singing, and so lonesome did she twirl the tune, that it seemed it wasn't meant for anyone but herself to overhear, and so he, to the shuffling of his brogues like a Jack at a Fair, and rattling at the latch as if he had an aguey chill in him.

Then she let on she heard him, feth!

"It's never you, Jane Dunwuddy, at this fell hour o' the night, is it?" said she close to the keyhole.

"No! it's not, troth!" snapped himself, crossishly.

"Oh, well then," said she, "if it's you, Cousin Andy Moore, you've come on a fool's errand, for himself, an' that dark desaver, the Blind Man o' Teelin, are off sence shreek o' day stravagin' the countryside like hounds off a leash. An' they'll be back when they've done what they're doin', an' on'y themselves know what *that* is an' how long it'll keep them. So run you home, Andy, like a dear, for I'm busy."

"Give over, give over, wummin, an' if you can't recognize your man's voice outside the door, mebbe you'll smartin up when I get inside."

"Och! Lord keep us! it's never you, yourself, is it?"

"Sure didn't I sit down after you'd gone an' make up my mind that this time you *had* gone, clane an' clever, an' so I made arrangements accordingly that cannot be set aside, no more than the laws o' the Medes an' Pershuns. I've thought o' you this long day as wan out o' reach, an' so to keep me company till the raw edge 'ud be wore off my loneliness, I sent Lame Jimsie down with a message to Jane Dunwuddy, knowin' you an' she had a scunner at the other. I don't blame her side o' the quarrell, I can tell ye. An' to clinch matters her niece, by her mother's side, is comin' likewise to help wi' the work, an' me own niece, from Grigalay, will make her long put-off visit, which she never could do on account of no beds to spare, an' mean ways o' management, but brings her own double-bedded mattress along wi' her an' a few odd pounds saved with this in view. So what's to be done wi' you I can't quite see."

"Let me in, anyway, sure the win's as could as clash, an' it's pourin' on me this instant. I'm in way o' bein' drowneded upon me own doorstep."

"Well! well!" said herself mournfully. "I don't like turnin' e'er a dog away on a soft-night, so I suppose you can come in this wan an' no more, for if you get anny wetter you'll go spoilin' me clane floor on me that you could ate your supper off, so you could; not that there is any supper or cookin' to be done, seein' the outrageous hour it is, but you'll get your stirabout in the morinn', which is more than some folk has to look forward to. Come on in then an' quet talkin' an' talkin'. I never saw such a talker from Cork to Dunlewy, you'd wunner you wouldn't be tiret talkin' sometime."

"It's a quare tame end to a day's holiday I am thinkin'," said himself, as he hitched a chair up to the dying fire.

"Fresh in, I am, from high discoursin' with the Blin' man about ould things that lie on the winds lap, hidden from common eyes that wudn't see them even if wan laid them bare before them. Far away days an' forgettin' dreams went linkin' him an me together, but it seems like pourin' wather on a duck's back tellin' you about it. The clash o' a woman's tongue is more to be afeart than the clash o' swords; it pierces deeper into the very heart's love. An' yet, I dunno, was it you I heard

singin' a while ago? I remember wanst when you used to sing somewan over to sleep in the corner there when the first stars peeped at dayli' gone. Them times are past for iver."

Something unusual in the silent kitchen made him lift his head from his hands; something touched his shoulder lightly like a caress felt in between two sleeps. Serellen stood behind him, her hair hanging in wisps about her freckled face, her red arms dripping with her last ablutions, but in her eyes, blue as a lake under a noon sky, he saw the old love shine, undimmed, undying, through a mist of gathering tears.

The Water Horse.

By MICHAEL GILLACRIST.

In Three Stories.

SECOND STORY.

The Knowledgeable Woman.

There was no sign of the remainder of the Lake Horses after that. Donough kept the little horse, and it took to him the same as if it was born and reared with him. The two of them were as thick as thieves from the minute Donough got the victory over it. They were never parted from one another. When Donough wasn't on its back the horse would be after his heels, the same as if it was a pet calf was in it. After a short while Donough put him to work on the land, and an odd time put the creels of turf across his back. The Water Horse was able to do in no time as much as ten farm horses would do in a month of Sundays, and Donough was as happy as the day is long. Whatever the pair of them did had luck in it, and, before very long, with the help they gave her, the widow had nearly pulled up for the loss of her crop.

From the day he got the horse Donough never put whip nor switch near it; no, nor as much as tipped it with the slack of the reins; but coaxed it with his two light hands only and the charm that was in his speech.

"Is it daft you are?" said he, one time when another young lad went to hand him up a bit of a switch. "Do you think I'd rise my hand to a Water Horse the same as if he was a common garraun you'd buy at a fair? Isn't it the great wonder to have the like of him under me at all and I toiling in the fields and on the bog? It's more fit he is to be running races with the horses of the High King, or dancing on glory through the mist of battle."

Coming up to Samhain who did he meet walking the bog only the knowledgeable woman that gave him the bridle. For a wonder the Water Horse wasn't along with him, for he was just after leaving it in, in the stable, after a gallop. Donough and the woman gave one another a greeting, and the two of them sat down by the side of a pool.

"Well, you are the great rider altogether now, avic," said she; "I do often be watching you."

"It's thanks to yourself if I am," said Donough. "Sure I would never have caught the little horse at all only for the bridle."

"Aren't you able to ride him with any sort of an old piece of rope, now?" said she.

"I am," said Donough, "or with none at all itself. I could ride him now with a halter of snow. For we're that great with one another that he wouldn't vex me for the world."

"I'm glad of that," said she; "I always thought you were the makings of a rider, and it seems I wasn't so far out. What is more, I have a great liking for you, a vic. It's for that reason I'm after coming to look for you to-day. But I may tell you, that if you tell a living soul about the knowledge I'm giving you, before you have need of it, it will go from you.

"Well, what I want to insense into you is this: that grand and all as it is to be riding a Water Horse, it's queer and wise the rider has to be at all times. Three wisdoms are needful to him: the wisdom of the hand for bridling the horse, the wisdom of the heart for taming him, and the wisdom of a champion for letting him go free.

"There's very few has one of the three things, let alone them all. It isn't every person that lays eyes on a Water Horse that is able to bridle him. It isn't all of them that gain the fairy help—and, if it was itself, what good would it be to them if they hadn't the wisdom in their hands for to make use of it?"

"Likewise there are them that would catch a Water Horse and wouldn't have the wisdom for taming him. Those ones would, maybe, think to break his spirit and murder him with switches and whips when he'd go against them. That's no way to get great with a Water Horse. Isn't there great pride in him and joy and a fiery heart? Wouldn't it be the right omadhaun that would be taking switches and whips to the King's horse, that is built slender and swift for noble races and great forays? And where is the steed of any king that is a match for a Water Horse? It's a fool, surely, that will treat one of them lads the same as if he was a clibbeen you't get at the market for a fistful of dirty gold. If you don't put affection on the Water Horse he'll turn wicked on you, and in the heel of the jig he'll get the better of you, and no thanks to anyone. It's only one that has the wisdom of the heart can gain the victory over him.

"Well, now, it's a great thing altogether, a vic, that you had the wisdom to bridle the little horse and the wisdom to tame him, and I am here to-day to warn you that it's more than likely you'll have need of the third wisdom before very long. Are you aware that the feast of Samhain is coming on?"

A small little cloud going by the sun fell over the bog-pool fornint them, and Donough could see his own two eyes looking back at him from the darkened water.

"I am," said he.

"Well," said she, "about the time of Samhain it's more than likely the Water Horses will be whinnying out of them below in the Dark Lake, and if your little lad hears them, and you on his back, you'll want to mind

yourself. For the minute he hears them he'll be off to the lake like blue blazes."

"And why wouldn't he?" said Donough; "but, sure, I'll coax him back from it the same as I did before."

"You will not," said she, "for there's no mortal, but a god or a hero only, that can either coax or drag a Water Horse from the lake after he hearing his comrades whinnying at Samhaintide when the raths are open. What is more, if any mortal goes to do the like, the Water Horse throws him for a certainty, and any person the Water Horse gets the better of is destroyed. Many a fine gossoon has perished the way I'm after telling you. For it isn't everyone that gets the knowledge I'm giving you of what they have a right to do; and if they have the knowledge itself, it's little use they will make of it unless they have the third wisdom also."

"And what will I have a right to do?" said Donough.

"There's only the one thing to be done at that time," said she, "and that is to give the horse his head. And it's only a person with a champion's wisdom that is able to do that."

"What way will I know it's time for me to give him his head?" said Donough.

"The first whinny he hears from the lake," said she, "he'll give one leap off of the ground, and after that he'll stand stock still listening till he hears the second whinny, and on that he'll give another leap in the air, and away with him to the lake. It's between the first whinny and the second you'll have a right to give him his head. No matter whether it's under the plough he is or loaded with the turf, or carrying yourself only, let you give him his head on the red minute. If you are able to do that you'll be right."

"Is it a hard thing to do, Wise Woman?" said Donough.

"It is," said she. "However grand a rider you may be up to that, however well able you may be to ride him without bridle or halter, however well the knowledge may be insensed into you, it's queer and hard to give the Water Horse his head when you see his ears laid forward listening out for the second whinny from the lake. Och, many is the one has bridled and tamed a Water Horse and wasn't able to give him his head at the latter end."

"Is it dread that comes over them?" said Donough.

"Most times it is," said she; "but sometimes it's pride and overweeningness that drives them to go against the horse, and more times it's covetousness, because they can't part with him if he's mad for his freedom itself; and more times, as I'm after telling you, it's want of knowledge; and more times it's everything together. But, sure, it all comes to the one thing in the end: what ails the whole of them, only the want of the third wisdom?"

"My grief and pity," said Donough, "and what happens them at all?"

"Some of them," said she, "are thrown on the minute and get their death in the fall, and more of them, maybe, ride half-ways, and when they see the surf up against them they go to pitch themselves from the horse's back and are dragged by the reins, and more of them are thrown when the horse rises in his leap and are pulled under at the length of the reins and drowned. For, after the second whinny from the lake, the feel of bridle or halter sets the horse mad altogether. If you daren't give him his head then he'll know by you that you have not the third wisdom, and that neither the great generosity nor the great valour of a champion is to be got from you, but only foostering and half-wishes, and he'll throw you as sure as you are sitting there."

"And what will happen me," said Donough, "if I have the wisdom to give him his head?"

"Well, after that," said she, "it's left to yourself will you slip off of the horse and let him take himself off without you, or will you sit down on his back and go along with him. It's while he's standing listening out for the second whinny that you'll get the chance to slip off of his back. Mind you, that will be your only chance to part from him. If you let him take himself off then without hindrance he'll be thankful to you for the noble gift of his freedom when the great wish for it came over him, and he'll know by your generosity that the wisdom of a champion is in you."

"Is it to let him go off with himself altogether?" said Donough, and his two eyes were like wells of grief.

"You'll be better off nor before you got him, so long as you have the generosity to give him his freedom," said she. "Doesn't a kingly gift put a great brightness in the heart of the giver?"

"Ah, sure it's not his freedom I'd begrudge him," said Donough, "only I'd sooner stay on his back and be drowned nor be parted from him."

"Drowned, is it?" said she. "What would drown you so long as you are after giving the horse his head? Amn't I telling you that it's only one that would go to pull him in would get his death by a Water Horse. So long as you are not thrown you won't be drowned. If your mind is made up to go with him, what you'll have a right to do is to sit where you are in place of getting off and to ride him then without the help of bridle or halter. Whatever tricks or capers he goes on with then, let you not be in any dread, for so long as you don't go to pull him in he'll know by your valour that the wisdom of a champion is in you. Only, mind you, when he gets near the lake he'll hear the third whinny, and he'll sharpen his speed, and at that you'll do well to make yourself lighter on his back, for the faster he's going then the easier you'll ride him. And when you come to the edge, let you take the leap across the surf without fear or failing, and down with you on the Water Horse into the heart of the lake."

"And where will that leap land me?" said Donough.

"It'll land you in Tin-na-nog," said she. "Them that can leap the surf on a Water Horse without being thrown are known to be the great riders altogether. From that day out you'll have every right to the comradeship of the heroes of the Red Branch. You'll have every right to feast under the silver apple trees. What is more, you'd get the salutation of Cuchulain that conquered his horses from the water."

When he heard that, Donough was nearly leaping out of his skin. He was hard set to keep from making off on the minute to see what way was the Water Horse.

"Is it your wish to take the like of that leap?" said she to him.

"It is, then!" said he, with a laughing look.

But the next minute there was sharp trouble over him again.

"Would I come back and see my mother if I was to take it?" said he.

"You might and you mightn't," said the woman, with a queer kind of a look. "There's some that comes back and there's some that doesn't."

Donough said nothing for a good bit after that.

The sun was after setting while the two of them were talking, and there was a great brightness through the mist roving around them.

"And how will I know have I the wisdom of a champion or not?" said Donough at long last.

The Knowledgeable Woman let a laugh out of her. A bit of a wind blew out of the gap of the mountains and began to toss the wisps of mist all three na haila around her.

"You won't know that till you try, avic!" said she. And with that word she took herself off in the yellow mist, and Donough was left by himself in the half-light.

(To be continued).

Etched in Moonlight.

By JAMES STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XIV.

In a little time I had reaccustomed myself to the new order of things. The immediate past of wandering and strife grew less to be remembered, and my new way of life became sequential and expected.

I knew, and there is contentment in that kind of knowledge, exactly what I would do on the morrow ; and I might have ventured a prediction as to how I should be employed in the month to come. For life gathered about me in a web of unhasty occupation and untiring leisure ; so that the thing to be done and the doing of it flowed sweetly to each other ; and all was accomplished without force, and almost without volition.

Many times my horse took that well-remembered road, and it became as natural to me to turn in that direction as to turn to the rooms of my own house. For I found there much that I desired, even unconsciously : friendship, companionship, and, more than all, gaiety ; for their young lusty brood began to knit themselves about my life and knot themselves into it.

To go from a sedate, unruffled house into a home that seethes with energy and innocence, and all the animation of budding life, is a notable thing for one who has come to the middle term ; and though he had before suffered children with a benevolent impatience, he grows to be thankful if they will notice him with even an approach to interest.

It is a blessed thing that whoever wishes to be welcomed benevolently by a child will be so welcomed ; for the order of young years is to respond, and they do that without reservation. Children and animals, however we can hurt, we cannot hate ; for they are without reserve ; and that lack is the one entirely lovable thing in the world.

In the meantime events moved with me, for they, having settled their own lives, charged themselves with the arrangement of mine ; and, by a delicate, untiring management, I found myself growing more friendly or more accustomed to a lady of her kin ; whom at last they expected me to marry ; who certainly expected to marry me ; and whom I should wed when the time came with neither reluctance nor impatience. But this lady I do not remember even slightly. She is a shade ; a fading smile ; and exists for me as a dream within the dream.

It was settled, and whether I or they or she arranged it I no longer know. It may have been just propinquity, or that sense of endlessness, that inertia of speech, which causes one to continue talking when there is no more to be said ; so that, and inevitably, one asks a girl to marry one, there being nothing left to be said ; and she, terrified lest silence should

fall upon her, agrees to do so, and marvels thereat until she is endlessly wed.

So I asked and she replied ; and those who take charge of such arrangements took charge of this ; and settled all about time and place, and removed every impediment to our union.

CHAPTER XV.

It was the night before my wedding, and I was filled with that desolation of the traveller who must set forth on the morrow, and does not quite know where he is going, or why he should go there. I had, as was now my custom, taken horse and gone to the castle. The girl I should marry was there, and those two who walked like gods on the earth and who stirred like worms, in my mind.

We talked and ate, but beyond that I can only remember the atmosphere of smiles and kindness to which I was accustomed.

My recollection begins towards nightfall. I had kissed that girl's hands, and she went away to her bed ; and I was preparing to perform the same duty to my hostess, when she postponed it.

"It is a lovely night," she said, "and," looking at her husband meaningly, as I thought, "after to-morrow we three will not be the companions we have been. We shall not meet so often or so carelessly."

To my glance of enquiry she continued, smilingly :

"A husband belongs to his wife. Your leisure will henceforth have so many claims on it that we may see little of you. When we see you again we may, like drunken men, see you double."

My glance was humorous, but questioning.

"Let us take a last walk," she suggested.

"Yes," her husband assented, "one more walk of comrades ; one more comfortable talk, and then let to-morrow work what changes it may."

It was a lovely night, with a sky swept bare of all but the moon.

High in the air, bare and bright and round, she rode in beauty ; and, but for her, we might have seen how lonely was the blue serene that swung about her.

Naught stayed in that immense for eye or ear. Naught stirred or crept. All slept but sheer, clear space and silence ; but they, with the wonder of the wide, high heaven, were wonderful.

Afar, apart, in lovely alternating jet and silver, the sparse trees dreamed. They seemed as turned upon themselves. As elves they brooded ; green in green ; whisht and inhuman and serene.

All moved within. All was indrawn. All was infolded and in solitude. The sky, the grass, the very earth rejected knowing ; and we hied with the moon as though she and we were atune to naught beside.

Against that blank withdrawal we struggled as the uneasy dead may, who would regain a realm in which they can find no footing. Silence

came on us as at a command ; and we were separated and segregated, each from the other, and from all things, as by a gulf.

I looked to the faces on either side of me. They were thin and bright and utterly unknown to me. They seemed wild and questing. Stern-poised eagle profiles that were alien in every way to the friendly faces I had known.

And I !

I could not see my own face, but I could feel it as a blanch of apprehension.

CHAPTER XVI.

Why should fear thus flood my being ? For there was nothing within me but fear. I was a blank that swirled with terror ; and was stilled as suddenly to a calmness scarcely less terrifying. I strove to engage my thoughts in common things ; and, with that purpose, I scanned on every side so that my mind might follow my eye and be interested in its chances.

But in the moonlight there is no variety. Variety is colour, and there was about me but an universal shimmer and blanch, wherein all shape was suppressed, and nothing was but an endless monotony and reduplication of formless form.

So we went ; and in the quietude we paced through and the quietness we brought with us we scarce seemed living beings.

We were spectres going in a spectral world. Although we walked we did not seem to move ; for to that petrified universe our movement brought no change ; and each step was but an eddy in changeless space.

I looked at them ; at those faces cut by the moon to a sternness of stone ; and I knew that I was not going between friends, but between guards ; and that their intention towards me was pitiless.

My will was free. I could have turned and walked backwards, and they would not have hindered me in any way. But they might have smiled as they turned, and that smile would be deadly as an arrow in the heart.

To dare be a coward how courageous one must be !

I thought with envy of those whose resolution is so firm that they can fly from danger while there is yet a chance.

But to be a coward and to be afraid to save oneself ! Into what a degradation must one have fallen for that !

I clenched my hands, and at the contact of my nails I went cold to the bone.

CHAPTER XVII.

At a certain moment each of those silver-pale faces seemed to look more straitly, more distantly ; and I, withdrawing my eyes from the grey-toned vegetation at my feet, looked forward also.

We had reached the extreme of the park. Beyond was a rugged, moon-dozed tumble of earth and bush and rock ; and beyond again

was the vast silver-shining keep to which, in years long gone, we three had walked, and from which, and in what agony, I once had fled.

In the miracle we call memory I recovered that night, and was afflicted again with the recollection of clasping and unclasping hands, of swaying bodies, and of meeting and flying eyes.

But the same hands made now no mutual movement. Those eyes regarded nothing but distance; and those bodies but walked and did no more. It was my hands that twitched and let go; my eyes that looked and flinched away; my body that went forward while its intuition and intention was to go back.

In truth, I did halt for a heart's-beat; and when I moved again, I was a pace in advance, for they had stayed on the instant, and could not move again so quickly as my mood drove.

I looked at them no more. I looked at nothing. My eyes, although wide, were blind to all outward things, and what they were seeing within me it would be hard to tell.

Was I thinking, or feeling, or seeing internally? For I was not unoccupied. Somewhere, in unknown regions of my being, there were busynesses and hurrys, and a whole category of happenings as out of my control as were the moods of those who went with me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

All thought is a seeing. No idea is real if it be not visualised. To see is to know; to know is to see clearly, and other knowledge than that is mechanical. But as we cannot see beyond a stated range of vision, so we cannot speak beyond a definite range of thought. Fear has never uttered itself; nor has joy; nor any emotion that has quickened beyond normality. These stir in a mood too remote for expression by words that are fashioned to tell the common experience of thought and action.

How should I tell that which was happening to me as I trod forward; my face as impassive as theirs; my brow as calm? The reaction to extreme events is in the spine or the pit of the stomach, but the action is elsewhere, and is in an organ unchartered yet by man.

I trod with them, free to all appearance as a man can be, and yet bound by fetters which had been forged through long years by myself for myself.

We halted, and I looked again on the bossed and monumental door which stood in my memory almost as a living thing. It was as it had been formerly. A black gape, little more than a foot wide, yawned from the top to the bottom. I noticed the rough herbage sprouting grossly among pebbles at its foot, and the overhanging jut of harsh stone that crowned or frowned from its top. And then I looked at them.

His gaze was bent on me, massive as the stone itself.

"Go in," he said.

I looked at her, and although her lips said nothing, her eyes, gleaming whitely in the moonlight, commanded as sternly as her husband's voice.

"Go in," he said harshly, "as we went in, and get out, if you can, as we got out."

He reached a monstrous hand to my shoulder; but, at my motion to put it aside, he let it fall; and instead his hand took hold of the great knob. I cast one look at the vast, white moon; at the steady blue spaces about it; at the tumbled sparkle that was the world; and, without a word, I squeezed through the narrow aperture,

I turned and looked back.

I had one glimpse of a black form set in a dull radiance. Then the door closed on me with a clang that echoed and echoed and echoed in my ears long after its cause had ceased.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was dark where I was. It was a darkness such as I had never experienced. The blackness about me was solid as ebony. It was impenetrable to thought itself.

It flooded my brain, so that the blindness within me was as desperate as that without. I could not keep my eyes open; for, being open, they saw the darkness. I dared not close them; for, being closed, I became that darkness myself. . . .

And at every moment, from the right hand and the left, from before me and from behind me, I imagined things! Darknesses that could move, silences that could touch . . .

I dared not realise my speculations, and yet, in lightning hints, my mind leaped at and fled from thoughts that were inexpressible, except as shivers. My flesh twitched and crept, and I shrank from nothing, as though it could extend a claw; as though it could clutch me with an iron fist. . . .

I was standing yet, long after they had gone, beside the door; fearing to move from it; afraid to stir; and looking about me, as it were, with my ears.

I had no anger against them. I was too occupied for any emotion but those, or that which was present. I ceased even to think about them; or such seconds of thought as chanced through my agony were humble. They were not forgiving or regretful; they were merely humble, as the thoughts of an overdriven sheep might be towards its driver.

They were gone; and with them everything had gone. I was surrounded by nothingness. I was drowned in it. I was lost and solitary as some grey rock far out in sea. Nay, for the sun shines on it, the wind comes, and a gannet halts there and flaps his wing.

There was loneliness nowhere, but where I was. There was not such a silence even in the tomb as the silence in which I was centred ; for while the terror of darkness did not diminish the horror of silence began to grow. And it grew as some monstrous thing may that reproduces itself on itself, tirelessly, timelessly, endlessly.

Nature abhors a vacuum, and so does the mind, for the mind is nature. It will contrive sound when silence oppresses it, and will people any desolation with its own creatures. Alas, for man ! With what pain he can create a meagre joy ! With what readiness he can make real a misery !

And my ears had two duties to perform ! They must look for me as well as listen, and when the mind is occupied in two endeavours something of craziness comes, even in trivial things.

I began to hear, and at no time could I tell what I heard. I began to see, and no words will impart what I saw. I closed both eyes and ears with my fingers, and was aware in a while that my under jaw was hanging ; that my mouth was open ; and that I was listening and looking through that.

At the knowledge my will awakened, and I placed calmness forcibly on myself as though I were casing my soul in mail. I strode firmly to get my right hand, and after a few steps I came against a wall. I strode in the opposite direction, and in double the paces I came against a wall. I walked backwards, and in twenty steps I came against a wall ; and, following this, my groping fingers tapped suddenly in space.

There was an aperture . . .

CHAPTER XX.

My hair rose on my head stiff and prickling. I did not dare to enter that void in the void. I would more willingly have leaped into a furnace. I went from it on tip-toe, striving to make no sound lest that hole should hear me, and tread behind. . . .

It would come noiselessly. And yet it would be heard ! It would roll gently, overwhelmingly, like some new and unimaginable thunder—

“ No . . . ! ” I said in panic to my soul, as I trod cautiously from that behind.

“ Great God ! ” I thought, as I stood somewhere, for now I had lost all direction, and was nowhere. “ Great God, what shall I do ? ”

I lowered myself secretly to the ground, groping with a blind hand to make sure that nothing was there.

“ I shall try to sleep,” I said in my mind.

Nay, I said it to my mind ; striving to command that which I had never learned to control. I huddled my knees up and curved my chin forward like a sleeping dog. I covered my face with my hands, and was still as the stone on which I lay.

"I shall try to sleep," I said. "I shall think of God," I said.

And it seemed to me that God was the blankness behind which might advance; and that nothing was so awful as the thought of Him—unimaginable and real! withheld, and imminent, and threatening, and terrific! My knees were listening for Him to the front of me; my back was hearkening for Him behind; and my brain was engaged elsewhere in matters which I could not cognise.

"If I were to speak aloud!" I thought.

And some part of my mind dared me to do so; wheedled at me to utter one clapping shout; but I knew that at the sound of my own voice I should die as at a stroke.

CHAPTER XXI.

How long did that last? Was it an hour, a year, a lifetime?

Time ceases when emotion begins, and its mechanical spacings are then of no more account. Where is time when we sleep? Where is it when we are angry? There is no time, there is but consciousness and its experiences.

I stayed where I had lain myself, and whether my eyes were open or closed I no longer knew.

The miseries of this place had abated. No, that does not express it, for this was no longer a place. This place had disappeared, or it had been merged in the new dimension which I call Nowhere.

It is immeasurably great; it is unimaginably small; for, as there is no time, so there is no space; there is only being, and its modes; and in that region my misery continued itself far from the knowledge of this brain, and beyond the let or hindrance of this body.

And yet somewhere, somehow, I knew something that I can only think of as nothing. An awful, a deadly business was proceeding with me as the subject. It can only be expressed negatively. Thus I may phrase it; I had gone in the spirit into that aperture from which I had fled. I was in contact with the unmanifest, and that is, in its own sphere, as competent and enduring as are its extensions with which we are familiar. But of what I cannot speak; for as it was out of range of these senses, so it was out of range of this mind whose sole preoccupation are these senses.

I had been in terror, but in what was I now? How little to me was the human absence of light, the normal absence of sound that had frightened me.

I was nowhere, and it was real. I was nothing and I was enduring. I would have returned to my blank, dumb prison as one flies to a Paradise, but I could not, for something had happened to me. I was translated; and until that experience was fulfilled I could not regain myself or evade in any way my happenings.

Therefore, I do not know how long I remained crouched in that stony den ; or how I lay ; nor aught that happened to me. But at a point I did return to normal consciousness, and that as swiftly as though one had taken me by the shoulders and clicked me to another direction.

All that monstrous something-nothing ceased ; and I was listening with these ears, and staring through known darkness with these eyes that see you.

There were footsteps outside the door, and in an instant the door grined and screeched and swung.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was those two.

But I did not move from where I lay, and when I did so it was because he lifted me. Those giant arms could lift me as one plucks up a cat ; and in a moment I was walking, and the arm that was yet around my waist was pressing me lovingly to his side.

"We were only playing with you," he said.

And she at my other side cooed, as she fondled my hand :

"It was only a game."

I looked wordlessly from one to the other and laughed gently.

It was strange that I did not wish to speak. It was stranger still that I would not speak ; and to everything that they said I returned my gentle laugh. That, it seemed to me, must be sufficient communion, even for them, and who in the world could wish to speak when he might laugh ?

We walked on, slowly at first, and then hastily, and sentences came from one to the other across me ; sometimes explanations, at times assertions and assents.

"It took us ten minutes to get out," he said, "and we thought——"

"For you are so much cleverer than we," she interposed.

"That you would have been home almost as quickly as we were."

"It took us ten long minutes to imagine that although the door was closed it might not be fastened," he went on, "but when I pulled or it it opened at once."

"I was glad to see the moonlight," he continued in a tone of reverie,

"Glad !!" she exclaimed.

"Those ten minutes were unpleasant," he assented.

"They were wicked," she exclaimed energetically. "They——" She paused, and took my arm again : "They are forgotten and forgiven. Our thoughts of each other now can be all frankness and trust."

I must have been imprisoned for some hours, for when I went in there had been a bright moon in a bare sky, where now there was no moon, and the heavens were deeply shadowed. Our faces were visible to each

other as dull shapes, and the spaces about us were bathed in that diaphanous darkness through which one looks without seeing, and against which things loom rather than show.

A wonderful feeling of well-being flowed through me, warming and bracing me. A feeling of astonishing rest for myself, and of endless affection for my companions.

And with it all there was a sense, confused and yet strong, that I knew something which they did not know. That I had a secret which would astonish them when they discovered it.

I knew they would discover it, for I should reveal it to them myself as soon as I became aware of what it really was. And my mind was filled with joy at the thought of how I should surprise them, and of how they would be surprised.

That strange knowledge lay like a warmth at my heart. It lit the dull night for me, so that, through the gloom and mirk, I walked as on air and in radiance. All that I had gone through vanished from my memory. It was as though it had never been. Nothing was any more but this new-found rest and contentment.

Happiness! I had found it at last; and it was more worth finding than anything I had yet experienced.

But the end of our walk was nigh. At a distance was the gleam of lights, and black silhouettes about them. We increased our pace, I, willingly enough, for I wished to tell them a secret; and in a short time we came to the great steps and mounted them. Men were there with torches, and we walked gaily from darkness into light.

Reaching the top, on the wide platform before the door, she turned to me with a smile, and she stopped dead. I saw the smile frozen on her face. I saw her face blanch to the whiteness of snow, and her eyes widen and fix and stare. She clasped her bosom with both hands and stood so, staring.

Then something, a self of me, detached itself from me, and stood forward, and looked also.

I saw myself.

My mouth was twisted sideways in a jolly grin. My eyes were turned inwards in a comical squint, and my chin was all a sop of my own saliva.

I looked at myself, so, for a mortal moment, and I awakened.

Book Reviews.

THIS ITALIAN ICONOCLAST.

In the last few months there has been much talk of Giovanni Papini. It is not to be wondered at, for out of what he writes emerges a personality of curious distinctness. So here, in this book of essays,* whether he smashes the idol or prostrates before it, he interests you uncommonly in its precise reaction upon himself.

With the exception of three, these twenty-four minds have been or are idols.

With the exception of one, the one on William Tell, whom he describes as a "rustic booby" and an appropriate hero for a country of "mountainous boors" who have contributed nothing to civilisation, these essays deal with writers and painters, and a mere enumeration of their titles will indicate the wide sector they sweep over: Dante, Spenser, Hegel, Remy de Gourmont, Swift, Don Quixote, Calderon, Armando Spadini are some of them. There is even included an ironic tribute to Carolina Invernizio, a Mrs. Radcliffe type of popular author, who died in 1860, which brought Papini a letter of thanks from the lady's husband, and a request from her publisher to reprint it as the preface to one of her posthumous novels! The last essay is a slashing attack on Papini himself, and you may judge how well the pseudo-sincerity of this self-caricature is maintained by its conclusion: "If this stubborn wretch" (Papini) "should reply that even criticism may be art, and should persist in his wickedness, we shall retort with a saying of the immortal Manzoni, a saying that is somewhat out of date, but still convenient: 'Don't worry, poor creature; it will take more than you to turn Milan upside down.'"

In the first essay, however, we are given the keynote of the book.

"With the approach of modern times," says Papini, "the Unknown Man" (*The Unknown Man* is the title of the first essay) "ceased his activity, and was content to rest." The stupid craze for signature came in. "An immense throng of vain fellows, of men who had a name or sought to make a name, began to paint, carve, invent, write. They had less genius than the Unknown Man, and they had also less modesty. They worked not only for their own joy or for others' benefit, but that the world might know that they, and none but they, had done the work." Papini loves him for this modesty, which here has a very particular significance. It is not, if we are to judge by other essays in the book, a merely negative self-effacing modesty, but a modesty that connotes a certain disdain of the mob, a pride, a self-sufficiency, a self-content, an interior richness, a deliberate cultivation of the *ego*. This Italian iconoclast has a splendid contempt for the coteries. With him form, elegance of style, even artistic excellence *pur et simple*, count for little. He derides, for example, in *Hamlet* the merely creative power of Shakespeare because he is unable to throw upon his *dramatis personae* anything but the dull glimmer of a banal philosophy. No, what he wants is thought, hard, bitter, glorious thought, a philosophy of life, illumination. It is, therefore, primarily the *thing* he looks for, not the man; the content, not the form; the substance, not the name. That is why the Unknown Man pleases him. The Unknown Man built churches, canals, roadways, painted frescoes, cast statues, wrote folk songs, to glorify God or his country and to please himself, not to win the childish applause of silly women, of long-haired *poseurs* in city flats, or of ignoramuses made hysterical through the sudden acquisition of wealth and leisure.

* *Four and Twenty Minds*. By Giovanni Papini. Harrap. 10s. 6d. net.

It is something done Papini wants, some big work, and when he gets that work he resurrects for himself out of it a new etherialised figure of the artist and calls him his son and loves him. And isn't an artist's best work the quintessence of the artist himself, after all? He makes, as it were, a Pantheon of his soul, in which the three principal figures are Leonardo da Vinci, Shelley, and Goethe. "Leonardo's image," he says in the essay on the marvellous Florentine, "beside that of his younger brother, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and opposite that of the Olympian Goethe, illumines the current of my thoughts and charms the tapestry of my unwearying dreams." It is quality, quality he wants. Oh, why did Leonardo waste his time building canals, entertaining courts with his wit, constructing engines of war, designing vehicles, evolving a Positivist philosophy, when he might have been painting another picture? One more? Therefore, he denies his beloved Leonardo the highest rank of excellence. Leonardo is too practical. He must correlate his ideas with the facts of material existence, even with purposes purely utilitarian. It is a false and contradictory judgment on Papini's part: "A man," he says, "who has not reached that aristocratic intellectuality which treats ideas as of supreme interest in themselves, without the least thought of their relation to facts, has not attained the greatest heights." But this is not aristocratic intellectuality, but something very much akin to foolishness, an intellectual Quixotism. True intellectual aristocracy shows its breeding in its fearlessness. It quails before no concept. Having admitted its premise, it ruthlessly goes forward to its logical extremity. It lifts up the petty data of the material world to the feet of God, or brings down God and makes Him walk upon the cobblestones of the roadways. And what else can Papini himself mean when he says in his essay on Don Quixote that God's other name is "the Poor"? (A very profound and beautiful conception, it must be said.) And why does he, in his essay on Berkeley, praise the principle of immaterialism enunciated by the Bishop of Cloyne? Because, through it, you "are master of the world."

The contradictions we find in this and others of Papini's *dicta* will, no doubt, be hailed as the many sidedness of a versatile genius. And the multiplicity and dissimilarity of his subjects lend themselves, especially in one so virile in assertion, so impatient of inessentials, to what, though perfectly consistent in the spirit, is, in outward seeming and in the letter, self-contradictory.

But even so, in an extravagance of laudation or of iconoclasm, Papini sometimes wrests the letter of the spirit from its true proportion and purpose. He praises Leonardo da Vinci as the complete type of the "inner man," who is "unwilling to reveal himself too rich in spiritual fruit, lest greedy folk should ruin him." But, to emphasise the greatness of Leonardo he must disparage Ibsen. "Ibsen's exhortation—'Be yourself'—is absurd. Everyone of us is himself, whether he will or no; and when one imitates another it simply means that the instinct of imitation is part of himself." Now, this disparagement of Ibsen is not only unfair, it verges perilously on the puerile. When Ibsen asked us to be ourselves, surely he meant something more than that we should, as it were, passively react to our environment, surely he meant that we should aim to be the truest, most vital part of ourselves in a life fair, rich, intimate, ever seeking to surpass itself, "to become," like Leonardo himself, "deeper, more individual, more spiritual." Leonardo's life is much better than Ibsen's exhortation. But was Ibsen's life an empty one, and is not his life itself a lesson to us other idlers? Ibsen left no philosophy, unless you call a pale, withered, pessimistic libertarianism a philosophy. There is a puritanic bloodlessness in Ibsen that makes me, at least, incline heartily to the side of the Florentine as

against the Norwegian. I, too, like a good many Irishmen, appreciate to the full the gospel of inaction preached by Kwang-tze. Yet I think it intellectually disingenuous for Papini, in the essay on Kwang-tze, to rebut Ibsen's gospel of work by quoting Jesus Christ as a Taoist when He said: *the fowls of the air sow not, yet God feedeth them: the lilies of the field spin not, yet even Solomon was not so gloriously arrayed*. In Ireland, anyway, we have a sufficient number of beggars, God knows. We had better not add to their number by decrying what Papini calls the motto of the age, Ibsen's words: "the important thing is to be doing; all in all, we may call ourselves a race of doers."

Of course, this Taoism is not necessarily at variance with that full Aristotelian *energeia* which, in the essay on F. C. S. Schiller, makes him suggest as a motto for the Oxford thinker: "il faut que les choses soient soumises à l'homme," or with that glowing creative expansion, which he denies to Maeterlinck ("parlour oculist," he calls him, "moralist for old ladies, syrupy philosopher, scientist without clearness, poet without imagination, fakir of facile marvels") and glorifies Leonardo for. Still less is it at variance with his own intellectual aim, which, in the essay on Walt Whitman, he thus defines: "What we seek in the world and in men is spiritual activity, and what we seek in the spirit is ideas." Nevertheless, Walt Whitman, singer of every form of material or physical activity diseased or healthy, is a curious idol for a defender of Taoism to bow down before, and in the midst of his ecstasies on the American metrical revolutionary I rather think he feels a little their ridiculousness. He calls his disjointed enumerations Dionysiac, Nietzschean, with the solemnity of a Vedic hymn, something in them of Job, foreshadowing Dostoevsky and Tolstoi. He calls him a Hegelian poet! Now it is all very well for Papini to say, as he does, that God's other name is "the Poor." It is a totally different thing to show me a debauched Yankee bum, and to say "There is God!" Yet "there is no God any more divine than yourself," says Whitman, identifying himself with the scum of the slums. "The mightier God am I."

"Walt Whitman, a kosmos, of Manhattan the son,
Turbulent, fleshy, sensual, eating, drinking, and breeding,"

To me, this is rather ridiculous bombast, quite unpoetic, well within the capacity of any versifier drugged by self-conceit, and most certainly devoid of that sane and splendid richness men of clear common-sense are accustomed to associate with real genius. I say he seems to feel the exaggeration in his praise of this Yankee idol of his. For in speaking of Whitman's broad human sympathy and love of liberty, which, of course, we all admit, he apologises for the rhetorical and "possibly ridiculous" elements in the Garibaldi phase of his genius.

Spun through the whole texture of this work, therefore, there are here and there defective threads.

But, on the whole, the work is an invigorating one. It has freshness, force, a strong discontent with lazily conventional criteria. There are new ideas in it, new points of view. It has a distinct message, the message of our universal brotherhood. You will say there is nothing new in that; that that is the message of Christianity. Yes, but the precise value of this book is that it insists on our neglect of our intellectual brotherhood. "We talk," he says, "of a universal society of nations—and we have not yet formed a universal society of intelligence." He instances our Western ignorance of the names, the mere *names*, of the great writers of China. He insists on the great, fraternal continuity of art. "Every man who reads a great work," he says in the essay on Dante, "even though he be poor in spirit, adds to it some meaning, some

pause, some intonation of his own ; something of what he feels enters into it and is borne on to those who are to read hereafter." Papini goes not to history for facts, he worships not at the shrine of documentary evidence ; what he seeks in history, literature, painting, sculpture, and philosophy, is an expression of the richest artistic and philosophical life of the time reaching out to, enfolding, and enriching all mankind.

That is what makes this book a thing of high value.

P. McB,

CROSS BREEDS.

Mr. Locke's new novel* is, from one point of view, a curious study in cross breeds. The central figure, Moordius, a fascinating scoundrel who combines the unscrupulousness of a cosmopolitan financier with the fastidiousness of a virtuoso, is the product of villainous cross breeding. Cross breeds also are the two principal girls in the story, one of them, Valérie, bearing the financier's name, though she isn't his daughter ; the other, Suzanne, the financier's new flame, an heiress--both Anglo-French presumably. Again we have Mr. Locke's angelically innocent and unselfish young man as hero, and, of course, a full-bred Briton. But, talking of cross-breeds, would not one be right in saying that Mr. Locke's novels themselves are cross breeds ? Mr. Locke has genius as a story teller, and his books are the product of this genius of his and his ardent and successful desire to be a best-seller. The result is curious. His books are romances. Now, a romance is a high and legitimate work of art, but strain it as Mr. Locke does, and it borders perilously on the edge of the grotesque. There is something verging on the grotesque in Suzanne's obstinate refusal to see anything bad in the outrageous banking operations of the bald-headed millionaire sadist who is her wooer, considering what a clear-minded, independent young girl she is. We suspect the sadism is a purely business acknowledgment of the popularity of certain well-known women writers who supply the demand for cinema caveman stuff. As usual, the angel hero marries, not Suzanne, but Valérie, the girl you didn't expect him to, and to say that is equivalent to saying that he hasn't worked out this latter character in sufficient detail to engage our sympathy. The book will sell well, and we are glad of it. It is not a chunk out of life, but it is consistent, and now and then, as in the descriptions of the children and the cat, there is a ray of lost genius.

P. McB.

66 ETCHINGS, being full page reproductions of Etchings, Dry-points, Aquatints and Mezzo-tints, and a few reproductions of Wood-block Prints and Lithographs, by Members of the Print Society, brought together, selected and Edited by E. Hesketh Hubbard, R.O.I., A.R.W.A. (founder of the Print Society), with an Introduction by Kineton Parkes (Author of " Sculpture of to-day, etc.") 1923. The Print Society, Breamore, Hampshire, England.

This, the second publication of the Print Society, is truly a joy, both to the book-lover, because of its spacious, well-margined make-up and clear printing, and to the art-lover for its satisfying variety of examples by modern masters in etching, dry-point, aquatint and mezzotint, supplemented by a few lithographs and wood-blocks by members of the Society.

In the Introduction Mr. Kineton Parkes, by his explanations, at once puts at his ease the reader who may be conscious of want of knowledge of the varied

* *Moordius and Co.* By William J. Locke. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net.

technique employed, and who yet will follow after the company of the artists, and take for his own their creations. The manner of mounting prints is made clear, so that the collection may bring all due credit to the artist and the collector himself. If a print is to be framed, he is advised as to the best frame to use—if his treasures are to be portfolioed he is helped all along the way, down to the quantity and quality of the paste. It may be safely predicted that many new collectors will arise from the study of the beautiful volume before us.

Mr. Parkes, in speaking for the Print Society and its dual membership of artists and collectors, lays before the reader the sane and live motives that originated it, and which ensure its healthy growth as a body. He says :

I like to think of the association of artists and those who care for their work. . . .
It is reasonable to think that people who love prints should like to be connected with those who make them. . . .

The great poet of the Brotherhood of Man, Walt Whitman, sings of the same link existing between himself and his readers—

Thou, reader, throbbest life and pride and love the same as I,
Therefore, for Thee, the following chants.

The Artist, whether in Literature, Music, or Art pictorial in all its phases, having the gift of Vision in fuller measure than his followers, exists and works that they may share the illumination that is his, and in their degree thrill responsive to the Voice of Eternal Beauty, whose High Priest he is called to be.

As an example of printing, this work of the Morland Press is a triumph for that faithful workmanship that only can result in high excellence.

ARTHUR KELLS.

In his "History of English Literature: A Practical Handbook for Senior Classes" (Harrap, 6s.), Mr. E. Albert whirls us through his 544 pages on flying wheels—and considered that he starts before sunrise from a place called Beowulf and lands us at St. John Ervine, "Some Impressions of my Elders," before the day is done, you can imagine there has been some going. On straight runs, where there is not much to see, he is monosyllabic, if he speaks at all; but when a patch of purple flashes in sight, we admit he slows up and, in some places like Chaucer, Shakespeare, Swift, Shelley, and Keats, he gets down and shows you round, yet with as little delay as may be. His commentary is short, pointed, and suggestive, but there is an 8 pp. appendix of authoritative bibliography.

The chapters are systematic, beginning with a time-chart of the writers dealt with; then comes the historic background; then an analysis, and after that short discussions on the development of literary forms, the development of literary style, and, lastly, exercises with copious extracts, which in themselves make very pleasant reading.

The book is like Minto's "Manual" in plan, but runs through the whole way; Minto goes in more for select tours; Minto is slow, powerful and elaborate; Albert is vivacious and terse: he is "short and quyk," and his judgment is not often to be quarrelled with. Besides the bibliography there are full indexes. The last chapter deals with contemporary writers, and includes appreciative but very brief remarks on some of our own.

Mr. Albert can say a thing neatly: Sterne's "characters are elaborately handled, caressed, and bewept"; and "with more of the daimonic energy of natural genius Mr. Henry James would have attained to the greatness that he so ardently desired and so narrowly missed." But when he says that Mr. Moore's "humour is often whimsical and charming, though his wit seldom

lacks the sharp touch of satire," he might have dived deeper without hitting his head on a stone.

However, it is not easy to be concise and precise : the book is admirably adapted to its purpose, and, for our own part, we have found it very engaging, indeed.

THE PEDLAR'S PACK. By Mrs. Alfred Baldwin. Illustrated by Chas. Pears. (W. and R. Chambers, London.)

Pleasant, jovial tales, gushing forth with the spontaneity of a real tale-teller's response to the children's clamour for a story. One could imagine these to be the merry, gentle fancies of some modern grandmother, dowered amid her comfortable, orderly surroundings with the incongruous impulse of story-telling. Well-written in a calm and colourless manner ; " English pure and undefiled " as the water in a porcelain bath, the brisk cool sentences flow forth with an even cheerfulness and a confident sense of unceasing supply. Within the limitations of a world of fanciful geniality, the writer has a genuine gift of narrative. She has the ease of trivial description, the inventiveness of petty incident that often cause children to incline to the choice of women rather than men as likely story-tellers. She has a breezy and benevolent outlook that exalts everything that goes to make a fine healthy child. She does not risk the snub of modern precocity by parading any of the antiquated moral bugbears. Her ethic is strictly athletic. Giants are reproved, not for their ferocity, but for allowing their waist measurements to increase.

Mrs. Baldwin has read the fairy tales of many countries, and foreign flowers of theme and situation often rise recognisably in her Saxon meadows. For these the soil seems a trifle too robust. Such plants do not always take root easily. And, indeed, such attempts are the more to be regretted, as the writer's chief excellence undoubtedly lies in her real appreciation of nature and life in the peacefully agricultural English countryside. " The red cow," " the pink-nosed calf," " the dull ewes," " the nimble lights," " the white sow," " the cowslip wine, clear as glass and fragrant as the meadows," " the tarts so light you could blow them off your hand like feathers," " the red-roofed white houses "—these are the things she knows delightfully well how to bring before our eyes, illumined most pleasantly with a sweet hay-making sunshine. As a writer, however, she is quite without magic conviction. Her fairies are mere pantomimic elves, speakers of doggerel, wavers of tinsel wands. She does not, therefore, menace peaceful slumber with turbulent or fantastic dreams. These stories could be read aloud without fear beside the cot, however lightly-pillowed the head within, even at the grotesque and terrible hour when the nightlight opens a pale flickering eye to look unhelpfully at the crouching shadows.

The illustrations of Mr. Chas. Pears catch extremely well the feeling of fanciful optimism that prevails in the book. M. S.

MORS ET VITA. By Shan F. Bullock. With a foreword by Æ. London : T. Werner Laurie, Ltd. 1923.

Here a prose-writer has been driven by pain towards an art more expressive of the ecstasy of sorrow. This book is a verse-journal of grief. For a year the poet had kept an elegiac diary, noting in rhyme the things, hidden before, revealed in his own heart by the light of the fire that burns him. He sees most

clearly nearest the year's beginning, for it is then the fire of pain is fiercest. Time dulls the flame and its illumination dies down, and gradually the thoughts that rise up revealed with poetic clarity grow rarer. It is as an introspective labour of love that the book appeals. It is a monument built on a grave by a man's own hands. It is carven and built with poignant toil on the lonely hillside of death. It is wrought unevenly, sometimes startling, with a rough beauty, a strange and striking contour, sometimes subduing the heart with a spontaneously tender curve, sometimes surprising barrenly with a helpless in-achievement. But the stones are wet with the tears of the maker, and each one is set unmistakably with the worshipping aspiration of reverent hands.

In a brief preface by Æ., a fair thought is set delicately in a few austere and harmonious words. So might a single flower, uprising from the fine outline of a Greek vase, stand, for offering, before some rough-hewn tomb.

M. S.

The Illustrated Review (Monthly).—The September number of "The Illustrated Review," a new English periodical, now in its fourth number, contains several articles of interest to art-lovers—the art of the illustrator is well represented. "Certain Fine Prints" is a detailed critique of the second publication of the Print Society, with a well-chosen selection from the etchings specially mentioned. The real source of the pleasure produced by an artist's work is well put—the picture bears traces that the scene has been passed through the magical alembic of the mind. Man's mysterious power, Imagination, creates the image in the mind, of the spiritual beauty in the scene; the artist records the symbol in black and white (or in colour, as the case may be), and at once the imagination of the beholder is caught by some reflection of the spell that was on the artist as he worked. There we sense the place among humanity of the artist—to see the "light that never was on sea or land" and to hold and set down somewhat of his vision. "Animals in Modern Sculpture," by Kineton Parkes, is a record of great achievements by sculptors named, with fine examples illustrated. In the course of the article we are arrested by a glimpse of a head of unkempt hair, half hidden among rocks—it is he! It is the "Earliest Artist," one of the primitive men of the Victorian Geologists. The writer says—

"Since the primitive clay-scratchings of the earliest artists, the art of the animal sculptor has progressed."

For my part, I am set to choose between a Theory and a Tradition, and I put my trust in Tradition. Theories often end up in the scrap-heap, while if a tradition has a weakness it is generally in the way of putting on flesh, but even so, the original skeleton is to be had for the trouble of dissection.

We have on the earth to-day hundreds of thousands of "primitive man," but, let us ask ourselves, "Are these races on the upward trend, or are they dying out, degenerating in every respect?" Surely they are going down as races, even though some individuals respond to the effects of modern civilization? Traditions—Greek, Egyptian, Peruvian, Mexican, Celtic, Indian, etc.—tell us of a Golden Age when the gods dwelt among men, and taught them all the arts of Man the Thinker.

Professor Budge, the greatest authority on Ancient Egypt, says that the farther we go back in our search, the finer is the civilization of Ancient Egypt. When we find the scratching traces of the "first Egyptian artist," whose slow

successors evolved into the builders of the Great Pyramid and the wonderful rock-carvings at Abu-Simbel, the modern world will probably have out-grown the already dying "Primitive Man" theory.

The Editor deals with the political ill-health of Europe at present, and suggests remedies, may we hope for the day when hearts and hands shall be tried for a change.

"The New Flags of Europe" (second instalment) describes the Irish National Flag as being "Yellow, White, Green," instead of "Green, White, Orange," but the writer is looking for a flag on "normal Dominion lines," whatever those may be. "On a Rambling Road," genial ramblings by G. K. Chesterton afford some side-lights on Italian republics in particular and "progress" in general, in regard to which latter the writer mentions that "Dante and Michael Angelo . . . had begun that long advance that led up to the modern millionaires." George Morrow illustrates a story, "The Best Seller," by J. C. Squire; there is an instalment of "A Triangle," by Maurice Baring, illustrated; an article on Calabria by Edward Hutton, with some interesting views, and a plea for health propaganda by Dr. Addison. It is an attractive number.

ARTHUR KELLS.

NEW BOOKS.

In his Autumn List, Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has amongst others "The Fascist Movement in Italian Life," by Dr. P. Gorgolini, with a preface by Mussolini (10s.); "Climbs on Alpine Peaks," by the present Pope (8s 6d.); "Pan's People—the Lure of Little Beasts," a delightful book for animal-lovers, by the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge (9s.); also "The Rover," by Conrad, and "La Bodega" (The Fruit of the Vine), by Ibanez.

BOOK CATALOGUES.

From Mr. Francis Edwards (85 High Street, Marylebone, W.) we have received a selection of catalogues of wide range. One deals with bibliography—551 items—and includes bibliographies of Bridges, Masfield, Moore, Squire, Stephens, Browning, R. F. Burton, Dickens, Dobson, Donne, Dryden, Gray, Hardy, Hudson, Dr. Johnson, Kipling, Longfellow, Machen, Herman Melville, Geo. Meredith, Milton, Stevenson, Whistler and Whitman.

Another embraces anthropology, folklore, sociology, etc. (1,120 items).

Trials, old law, broadsides, etc., constitute a catalogue in themselves. The collection of trials is representative: it illustrates practically every crime and delinquency of any interest or importance—romantic, political, domestic—crimes for the unsophisticated, crimes for the man-in-the-street, and crimes for the connoisseur. There are highways and by-ways of crime, beaten tracks and lonely furrows, mazes and alleys and purlieus, ocean depths and mountain peaks—every taste is catered for.

There are simple things too, like the case at Cork in 1812, where one W. Martin broke down a wall wrongfully and to the great damage of the Reverend Mr. Bury, who thereupon invoked the god Terminus with the usual rites, and the recording angel made a book about it.

We can understand Captain William Codling being brought up for "casting away the brig *Adventure* on the High Seas," and Arundel Coke and his accomplice John Woodburne, deserved what they got for "sletting the Nose of Edward

Crispe." But there are surprises: for example, when Mr. Thomas Grady, good easy man, stretched forth his tendrils in a little poem called "The Nose-gay," at Limerick, in 1816, there came a killing frost and nipped him in the bud. He was prosecuted for libel . . . *medio de fonte leporum Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.*

In 1708 Richard Hathaway was tried "for Endeavouring to take away the Life of Sarah Morduck for being a Witch." It was conceded that he acted with the best intentions, but the prosecution relied on the technical fact that his diagnosis was wrong. The case was certainly one of great difficulty.

A curious thing happened to Francis Johnson, Franciscan, in 1679. He was executed at Worcester "for being a Jesuitical Priest." Surely that was the height of paradox. It was done in folio.

Further on we read of a fight on the Scottish border in 1712, and the result, or one of the particular results, of it was that William Laidley, otherwise Scot of Mossaphennan, and a friend of his, Donald McPherson, were brought up for "cattle-driving, etc." We had thought that was a modern game and a monopoly of our own: but it seems not. And it was well done, at that comparatively early period—"assault, etc."—splendid! And, doubtless, Judge Scroggs, too, and the sheriff made a good show when *their* turn came.

Then we are introduced to an ingenious grocer named Palmer, from White-chapel. About the year 1816 he started improving his estate by "fabricating Sloe Leaves in Imitation of Tea," but he was fined £840, and that took away a lot of the profit.

There is also a collection of dying speeches and confessions, folio broadsheets—with rough woodcuts of the drop-scene. Publicity was more easily secured in those days. One of the subjects of the rough woodcuts reached eminence in 1798 merely by stopping Lord Byron's coach. So we read, but there may have been more in it than that. Simon Plunket attained his end just by stealing a horse: though, we observe, another poor fellow had to steal no less than three cows. That seems excessive, but, perhaps, *he* overdid it.

Another broadsheet recites the chief events of the trial of "John Hartland and others for Rioting in St. George's Fields and destroying Furniture in the Royal George Tavern." Rather a *hysteron proteron*, we imagine: *a priori*, the Royal George should be in chapter one. However, it seems to have been great fun only for the epilogue.

There is also a complete set of The Bon-Ton Magazine, or Microscope of Fashion and Folly. It is in five volumes, contains many curious copperplates, is rare (and, presumably, rich), and can be had for £25.

Finally our eye catches "The Life and Transactions of William Stroud," dated 1751. That may have been his *floruit*, or it may be a crucial or climacteric date in his career—we cannot really say. The nature of his "transactions" does not appear, but he was awarded six months only. Who could respect a man like that? Six months in 1751! the golden age! six . . . pouf!

Messrs. W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge, have a lot of interesting things in their recent catalogues—bibliography, classics, Dante, English literature (including moderns), and some fairly representative collections of French, Italian, Spanish, and Russian books.

We notice an autographed presentation copy of Gissing's "Isabel Clarendon," first ed.; a set of Jefferies' firsts, several Kelmescotts, presentation

copies of Drinkwater, Masfield, Moore and others ; a holograph chapter of Shaw's " Love Among the Artists " (with several cancelled passages), gorgeously enshrined by Sangorski and Sutcliffe ; several of James Stephens, including " The Insurrection," at 17s. 6d. : long runs of biography, philosophy, and science ; also incunabula and a set of the Irish Text Society. There are some nice old things in the French, Italian, and Spanish sections, and cheap, too, as they go.

A catalogue entirely devoted to the moderns is that of Messrs. Davis and Orioli (24 Museum Street, W.C.I.) Included are presentation copies of Colum's " Wild Earth " (10s.) ; Lucas's " Harvest Home " (15s.) ; Landor's " Pericles and Aspasia," 1836 ; Moore's " Bending of the Bough " ; Seumas O'Kelly's " Shuiler's Child " (10s. 6d.) ; Dunsany's " Fifty-one Tales," and a few of Hudson—one, " The Purple Land," being priced at £55 ; runs of Lafcadio Hearne, Hudson, Masfield, Barrie, Moore, and Shaw ; books of the Dun Emer and Cuala presses, and Jack Yeats' Book for Children, " A Little Fleet," 1st ed., the rhymes being by John Masfield.

Other good lists are those of Messrs. Dobell (8 Bruton Street, New Bond Street, W.), wherein Allingham's " Rambles," 1873, is dog-cheap at 4s. ; also " The Family Letters of Goldsmith " (Bibliog. Socy.) at 2s. 6d. ; R. D. Joyce's " Ballads," 5s., and Plunket's " Circle and the Sword," 7s 6d.

There are some rare items—Landor's " Gebir," 1798, original paper covers, uncut, autographed presentation copy to Robert Browning ; Lily's " Sixe Court Comedies," 1632 ; and at £6 6s. his " Euphues," 1631, is a decided bargain.

M. J. R.